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SHORT LINE

FAVORITE ROUTE to the

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AND WITH

and Observation Cars

THROUGH TRAINS.

TRAINS

5.05 A.M. Arrive at Fabyan's 5.15 P.M.

2.30 P.M. " " " "

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4.45 A.M. " " " " " "

10.05 " " " " " "

2.35 P.M. " " " " " "

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Also, to Twin Mountain
Richmond, Profile House, Glen
Fabyan's, North Conway, or Port-
and all other points of note in
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ZION'S

HERALD

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1878.

Vol. LV.

No. 36.

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion (Agent matter) per line 15 cents.
Each continued insertion, " " " 10 "

Three months, 15 insertions, " " " 15 "

Six months, 26 " " " 15 "

Twelve months, 52 " " " 15 "

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36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

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OUTSIDE.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

"There is a fountain filled with blood!"
Triumphant was the strain,
And sweet the words whose message found
That wanderer in the rain.
Wayworn and weary, spent with sin,
And dyed with many stains,
Sore needed he the cleansing flood
"Drawn from Immanuel's veins."
He stepped within the open door
To list; the harmonies
Awaked dead echoes in his heart—
His mother's cadences.
"The dying thief!" ("Ah, that am I,
In sin grown old and gray;")
"And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."
"Thou dying Lamb"—ah, precious words!
He knelt upon the floor
And prayed. Now rose the glorious song—
"Are saved to sin no more."
"Dear Lord," he cried in piteous tones,
"O bear a sinner's plea,
And wash me clean in Jesus' blood
From all iniquity."
Now fuller rose the organ tone
Throbbing upon the air,
While blending voices seemed to raise
To heaven that pleading prayer.
And, theme of all the matchless song—
Raising that burdened soul—
"Redeeming love, redeeming love!"
("By that love make me whole!")
Those lips open but to curse given
Now join the "sweeter song,"
And praises to salvation's power
Unchain the "stammering tongue."
And now the messenger of God
Cries, "Ho, ye thirsting, come!"
When, lo! with firm yet humble tread
Returns the wanderer home.

THE LAST TWELVE VERSES OF ST. MARK'S GOSPEL.

BY REV. JOHN W. LINDSAY, D. D.

The genuineness of this passage has been questioned, and some Biblical critics do not hesitate to pronounce it spurious. An examination of the manuscripts and authorities, aided by the labors of the best textual critics, has satisfied us that these verses are an original portion of the Gospel of which they form so fitting a conclusion.

The passage is not rejected by Tischendorf, though set apart by itself. Tregelles admits it in a similar manner in his critical edition of the New Testament. His opinion as to the paragraph will be found at the close of this article. Dean Burgon has published a brilliant monograph on these verses, vindicating them against recent criticism, and satisfactorily proving their genuineness. Scrivener, in the latest edition of his Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament, a work of great ability and authority, maintains, to use his own language, "without the slightest misgiving," that these verses are genuine.

We will as briefly as possible give the evidence against and for this passage:

1. This paragraph is not found in the Sinaitic manuscript. St. Mark's Gospel closes with the eighth verse, with the clause translated in our version, "For they were afraid." The Gospel of St. Luke begins at the top of the next column of the manuscript. The passage is also wanting in the Vatican manuscript. But in this a whole column is left blank, as if the scribe thought there was an omission in the manuscript from which he was copying that might be supplied from another. One other manuscript, the critical designation of which is L, breaks off at the close of the eighth verse; and in the next column gives two readings, the first a short form and evidently apocryphal, the other—verses 9-20—as commonly given. So that we can consider this manuscript as good a witness for, as against, the reading.

2. These twelve verses are omitted in some old Armenian manuscripts, in two Ethiopic, in one Old Latin, and in an Arabic Lectionary.

3. It is said that Eusebius, Jerome, Gregory of Nyssa, Victor of Antioch, Hesychius of Jerusalem, Severus of Antioch, and Euthymius, all testify to a doubt thrown upon the verses, and to their absence from many codices." (Hammond's Textual Criticism, p. 116.)

4. The internal evidence, it is claimed, is very weighty against the view that the paragraph was written by St. Mark. The style, some critics say, is so different from the Gospel that this paragraph must have come from another hand. Words and expressions occur in it that are never employed by St. Mark.

On the other hand, the evidence in favor of the genuineness of the passage is abundant and satisfactory. The editor of Lange says: "The reasons for assuming that verses 9-20 are an original portion of Mark's Gospel much outweigh those to the contrary." (Lange on Mark, p. 158.)

1. All the extant manuscripts except those mentioned above have the passage. It is found, too, in every known lectionary appointed to be read at Easter and on Ascension day.

2. These verses are found in the earliest versions. The Old Latin, the

Vulgate, the Syriac, the Coptic, the Gothic (as far as the twelfth verse), and some Ethiopic versions have them.

3. Irenaeus, Hippolytus, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine, Victor of Antioch, Hesychius of Jerusalem, and others quote from this paragraph as a portion of the Gospel.

The closing of the Gospel at the eighth verse makes the work so incomplete that it hardly seems probable St. Mark would leave off so abruptly. "Can any one who knows the character of the Lord and of His ministry conceive for an instant that we should be left with nothing but a message bawled through the alarm of women?" (Kelly's Lectures Introductory to the Gospels.)

The argument against the passage from the use of words and expressions that do not occur elsewhere in Mark is, in the opinion of competent critics, entitled to very little consideration. A similar line of argument is used to prove that St. Paul did not write the pastoral Epistles, that Isaiah and Zechariah did not write parts of the works ascribed to them.

Dean Burgon, after an exhaustive treatment of this point, declares that the supposed adverse argument from phraseology "breaks down hopelessly under severe analysis" (The Last Twelve Verses of the Gospel according to St. Mark vindicated against Recent Objectors and Established). Scrivener thus closes his examination of the passage: "All opposition to the authenticity of the paragraph resolves itself into the allegations of Eusebius and the testimony of the Sinaitic and Vatican manuscripts. . . . Let us accord to these the weight which is their due; but against their verdict we can appeal to the reading of Irenaeus and of both the elder Syriac translations in the second century; of nearly all the other versions; and of all extant manuscripts excepting two." (Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament.) Even those who do not admit St. Mark as the author regard it as part of the inspired record.

Alford concludes his notes on the Gospel with this sentence: "The inference, therefore, seems to me to be, that it is an authentic fragment placed as a completion of the Gospel in very early times; by whom written must, of course, remain wholly uncertain; but coming to us with very weighty sanction, and having strong claims on our reception and reverence." (Alford's Greek Testament, 6th ed., vol. 1, p. 437.) Tregelles, after stating his own opinion that the book of Mark extends no further than "For they feared," of the eighth verse, says of the remaining twelve verses: "I look on this section as an authentic anonymous addition to what Mark himself wrote down from the narration of St. Peter (as we learn from the testimony of their contemporaries, John, the Presbyter); and that it ought as much to be received as any other of our second Gospel as the last chapter of Deuteronomy (unknown as the writer is) is received as the right and proper conclusion of the books of Moses. (Tregelles' Printed Text of the Greek New Testament, p. 259.)

MARVELOUS ENDURANCE OF A KENTUCKY PIONEER.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.

[Concluded.]

Their first act in the drama of his nine months' sufferings was to bind him hand and foot with thongs upon the back of a wild horse, thus making him the reality of the poet's ideal Mazeppa. The horse was let loose. Eager to rid itself of its burden, it dashed with furious speed through forest thickets, briars, and drooping branches until it fell utterly exhausted. Poor Kenton was bruised, torn, mangled, half dead with agony. The savages grinned mirthfully at his anguish, and remanded him to a tent for further torture at a future day.

While conducting him to the Indian towns, their precautions against his escape at night were extremely barbarous. Stretching his almost nude body on the ground, they bound each hand and foot to a stake or tree. A sapling was then laid across his breast and its extremities strongly fastened to the ground. A rope was tied round his neck and secured to a tree. Thus bound, he lay on the bare ground, without covering, several nights and exposed to the damp and chill of the autumnal air and to the countless gnats and mosquitoes which swarmed upon him from the adjacent swamps.

When they reached an Indian village, hundreds of the savages gathered about him to feast their eyes on the sufferings of the great pale-face. Nor were they content merely to gaze. They struck him, whipped him, kicked him, grunted, yelled, danced, and insulted him by every cruel means their savage fancy suggested. Pity for their suffering victim they had none.

The next day the hapless hunter was

forced to run the gauntlet. Three hundred Indians of both sexes, armed with sticks, rods, and whips, were ranged in two parallel lines half a mile in length. When all was ready, the half-naked scout was brought out and told that if he could run through these lines and reach the council-house, it should be his asylum for the present. Gathering his remaining strength, Kenton started, running swiftly, but receiving numerous blows, buffets, stripes, and wounds. When he was near the end of the line, an Indian appeared with a drawn knife, evidently intending to kill him. To avoid that ugly wretch, he broke out of the line and made a rapid dash for the council-house, with a mob of savages at his heels yelling like demons. He had nearly reached his asylum when another Indian confronted him, and, by a sudden movement, threw him to the ground. The yelling crowd instantly surrounded him like a pack of furies, whipping, kicking, and scourging him, until, wearied by their own cruel exertions, they left him apparently on the brink of death.

But Kenton's powers of endurance were marvelous. After lying senseless for some hours, he revived. Then his cruel captors, eager to preserve him for further demonstrations of their insatiable fury, fed him, bore him into the council-chamber, and left him for a few days to recover strength preparatory to his final doom.

The council met. After much violent talk, it doomed him to be made a public sacrifice to Indian vengeance at Wappatomia, now Zanesfield, Ohio. While conducting him thither, they forced him to run the gauntlet at two villages, by which he suffered no little torture.

Before reaching Wappatomia they stopped several days to give him time to recuperate. Finding himself carefully guarded, he escaped and proceeded two miles from his captors, when, alas! for his rising hope of life and freedom two Indians met him and drove him back to the village.

To punish him for this futile attempt, the savages took him to a creek, threw him into the water, dragged him out, and then threw him in again. This cruel process they repeated until he seemed at the point of death. They then left him to die. Again, however, his wonderful vitality prevailed. He revived, and was driven on to the place appointed for his death.

Among the Indians who swarmed in to witness our hero's death was a British trader, named Simon Girty, who had known and befriended Kenton years before at Fort Pitt. But Girty could not recognize his former good-looking protégé in the mangled form and blackened face marked out as the victim of savage revenge. Kenton, however, knew him and contrived to make himself known and to appeal to his kindly feelings for interference in his behalf. To his own credit and Kenton's relief, Girty responded to this claim made upon his former friendship. He took up the case, and, after much delay, during which he employed eloquence, personal influence, intrigue, arguments of policy, and the aid of a sympathizing British officer, he procured Kenton's release from the Indians and his transfer to the British military post at Detroit as a prisoner of war. From this post he contrived to escape in June, 1779, and after thirty-three days of hardship in traveling through pathless forests, finally reached his old friends on the banks of the Ohio. What he suffered during the nine months of his captivity has been scantily outlined above, but no imagination can fully conceive, nor pen record, the full measure of the tortures, mental and bodily, of that horrible captivity.

Kenton's spirit, instead of being broken by what he had endured, was more resolute and daring than ever. He resumed his former duties, first as scout, then as captain of a company in the frontier wars with the Indians. In 1793 he served as a major under General Wayne. In 1813 he won distinction and closed his military career in the glorious American victory of the Thames in upper Canada. He died in 1836, near the site of Wappatomia which was to have been the scene of his violent death in 1779. For a quarter of a century prior to his death he had been a soldier of the Cross, and, therefore, he met his death with both the courage of a true manhood and the triumphant hopefulness of a genuine Christian.

Simon Kenton may stand for a type of that class of heroic pioneers to whose wonderful hardihood, daring, endurance, and perseverance we owe the rapid settlement of our Western States, at a period when to the toil of creating fertile farms out of primeval forests, our pioneers had to combat with the deadly arrow, tomahawk, and rifle of the cunning Indian. Their treatment of the nomads of the forest may seem cruel, their hatred of them unchristian, but we must not forget that the savages, either from natural inaptitude or stubbornness, would not learn the lessons of civilization. To retain their hunting-grounds they resolved not to permit

the settlement of the pale-faces upon them. The consequence was, war; the result, the extermination of the barbarians. The whites may have acted unjustly, cruelly at times, perhaps, but they seem to have had no alternative except the abandonment of the country or the destruction of its original occupants. Let us not judge our noble army of pioneers too harshly, therefore. They were brave, persistent, patriotic men, upon the fruits of whose privations and perils we, their descendants, are quietly feasting. If they had their faults, they had their virtues also, and these, with the goodly lands they won with axe and rifle, are our inheritance. Let us honor their memory!

A BREEZE FROM NANTUCKET.

BY PROF. GEORGE PRENTICE, D. D.

So the weather has been fearfully hot, has it, Mr. Editor? Then I suppose you must have sighed in your discomfort for cooler breezes than ever waft over this sea-circled island. Something from the very tip of the north pole, unless the open polar sea be something better than a pure fancy, would have been best suited to your fevered sensibilities. Doubtless you would have ordered a steady breeze from the centre of frigidify, did you know just where to place your order. Would you like help in your perplexity? Well, I cannot quite help you, but I can almost do it. There is a local tradition here of a fish-vender who, whenever asked by a customer for fish that he hasn't on hand, has the trick of saying that he has some other sort "that's most jes bout the same thing." So, though I cannot tell you just where the coveted centre of frigidify is, I may inform you where to find something "that's most jes bout the same thing." You must know, must you? Well, I will tell you. You just go to the next religious service—prayer-meeting, conference-meeting or sermon, wedding or funeral, no matter which—of the Rev. Mr.—no! the Rev. Dr. (the fact is, I now Dr. or no!)—well, then, of the Rev. Mr. or Dr.—of—St., in the city of—There is no need of being particular about names; you will know by the atmosphere when you have found the right place. There you will get a chill that will last your life-time. Rumor has it that a lady once offered herself for membership in that Church, and gave as her reason for the step, that she was very fond of ices, and therefore preferred to have her theology and morality served up in that chilly fashion. Perhaps I ought to add that their church edifice itself is of the architectural order sometimes styled "frozen music."

These are cool suggestions of accessible frigidify, which may possibly so far act upon your nerves as to make you tolerate a breeze from Nantucket. Anyhow, I venture to let it fly at you. I wonder how many of your visitors have ever blessed their eyes with the vision of quiet and quaint old Nantucket. There is nothing so peculiar and impressive on the New England coast as this strange place, unless it be Marblehead. That was, perhaps, equally singular in its general aspect, notwithstanding striking differences, down to the time of the late fire. That most greatly have changed the general aspect of Marblehead, and hence I rather infer than know that this remains the unique spot of New England. Nantucket lost her population when the whale fishery declined. That was the sole business done here—not much farming, no mineral wealth, no manufactures, no general commerce. Hence Nantucket had not only the proverbial bad fortune of those who put all their eggs in one basket, but the worse fortune of having nothing besides eggs to take to market. For twenty-five years business has declined, the streets have literally become grass-grown, and the wharves have largely gone to decay.

The only really attractive feature for Nantucket will be as a watering-place. She is isolated, has no telegraphic or railroad communication with the continent. Here the tired toiler of the city can get away from the hum of business and be tormented with mails but only twice daily. He can have fine swimming, sailing, fishing; can fall to sleep to the soothing roll of the Atlantic surf. A more restful town for the really tired, would not be easy to discover.

One of the sad results of the former shrinkage of the population, was that all the churches in town became inconveniently large for the congregations worshipping in them. They are so to-day, notwithstanding the fact that the people are good church-goers. The several Churches have suffered about alike in this particular. The Methodist Church was one of the largest, indeed, the largest, heretofore. It was now twice too large for its ordinary congregation. It shows indication of considerable vigor just at present.

Recently they have shingled the edifice, re-carpeted it, tinted the walls after, frescoed the pulpit recess, had their organ tuned, and this made the audience-room attractively neat. The new pastor, Rev. Richard Burn, has a large share in all the enterprises of the congregation, and a good hold upon their affection. May they thrive together! When the church was reopened the Presiding Elder, Rev. Brother Stetson, chanced to be here on his quarterly visit. He gave the people, on Sunday morning, a sermon of admirable lucidity, force and brevity, on the witness of the Spirit. Here, too, I have heard with pleasure the pastor, and Rev. Dr. Church, of Stamford Springs. Dr. Church gave us a remarkable sermon on the resurrection of the body. It was a profitable hour.

Besides these, I have listened to two ladies, regular preachers of the Gurneyite branch of Quakers, and to sermons from three ministers temporarily on the island. The spirit of the Quaker preaching was sweet and touching, but had no other attractions. In doctrine it seemed a strange medley of evangelical conceptions and of free-thinking theories. It was Esau's wrists but Jacob's voice. Here Quakerism is dying out. A great respect is felt for the Friends, but there is no disposition to follow their dissent from dissent. I listened to these ladies with something of the same sad pleasure with which one would listen to the war speech of an Indian brave. Both are destined to die out from the face of the earth. Quakerism, by its rejection of the Christian sacraments, threw away the characteristic rites of our religion, and by its rejection of an ordained ministry, devoted wholly to its great task of teaching all mankind the Gospel, exposed itself to being overtaken by any wind of novel doctrine.

Prof. Neal of Amherst, gave a good Christian sermon on the Sunday evening I heard him. But perhaps the two sermons that have interested me most, were two that I heard on the same day, one in the morning at the Congregational Church, the other in the evening in the Unitarian Church. The preachers were both young men, naturally of fine gifts, of about equal culture and promise. What interested me especially was to note the effect of the doctrines held by the two men upon their way of thinking. There is, of course, nothing distinctive in the creed of negotiations held by the self-styled advanced thinkers of Nantucket. The hymns and the Scriptures struck me as nearer to Christian ideas than the prayers and sermons. The sermon was a homily on morals, which would have served just as well for Buddhist hearers as for Christian. Had it been delivered in a Buddhist temple, it would not have seemed to its frequenters as out of their usual lines of thinking. Perhaps that was the point of the whole service. Just before I was here, a convention of Unitarian Churches had been held, and, in the report of the chief essay read, I noticed that Christianity was always printed thus, "christianity," while Mohammedanism, Buddhism, etc., assumed invariably the bolder dignity of capital initials. Perhaps a latent design of the convention had been to show how much less humanity is indebted to the Christian than to the ethnic religions. In the same spirit, the sermon may have been meant to make it plain how little distinctively Christian thought is required for a sermon. I should judge that the preacher might have a great career before him in China or Japan, showing benighted Buddhists how little real difference there is between him and them.

The other sermon was thoroughly evangelical in its doctrines and spirit. Never did I feel more impressively that the great strength of the Christian pulpit lies in faithful adherence to the great central ideas of the Christian creed. We need a race of strong, clear preachers of the Word of God. The more fully one penetrates the depths of Scripture and feeds upon its fundamental truths, the more truly is he a preacher and an apostle of Christ's righteousness.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

We are in the dulllest part of our Church year, and all novelty lies outside of the city limits. Fashion governs everything, even from evangelism to evangelism—two words very much alike, but which in modern times suggest far different ideas. Indeed, we are beginning to take our religion as we do our oysters—all months without an "r" counting but for very little. Perhaps this statement is a little exaggerated, but it is not so far from the truth as some may suppose. The clergyman's disease exists exactly in proportion to the wealth of his congregation; and the richer it is, the earlier grows the necessity of recuperation, which may be accounted for, perhaps, by the nearness of the incubent to what is declared to be the root of all evil. Only last week we read of a

Church in your own New England, which tried to detain an outgoing minister, not only with a salary of \$5,000 per annum, but six months' vacation each year for two years. His sermons must have been good enough to have been put up, as we do peaches or tomatoes, in cans, to be opened as occasion required. We have not reached that point of excellence as yet, but there is no telling to what we may attain in this age of invention, and it is well to note the current of passing events.

Anyway we, in common with other Protestant Churches, are a long way ahead of our Roman Catholic brethren, if they will allow us to call them such. We started from your city one wintry Saturday night for New York, and, owing to an accident on the Sound, found no boat waiting us at Fall River as was promised. It would have been dreary enough, as we sat up all night in the cars waiting for the boat, which was momentarily expected, but for a most pleasant acquaintance we made with a fellow-traveler. However, no boat came in, and wearily we took the train back to Boston.

We had a good room at one of your hostleries, and the bright fire offered lots of comfort, which we were just tired enough to enjoy. Not so our friend. "Take your nap, old fellow," he said, with his hand on the door-knob, as we stretched lazily on the bed. "I've got to find a church. They make us fellows go to church once a Sunday, at least." And as he went out of the room to seek in a strange city a place to worship God in the way he had been brought up to do, the thoughts came over us so thick, and fast that we could not sleep for thinking, and we wished ourselves in Bromfield Street Church, that could have been so easily reached. And only on Sunday last, as we sat in our room talking of a little child who lay at death's door in a house opposite to us, we saw the young father bring it out of the house, closely wrapped up, and hurry with it to a Catholic church, that it might not die without Christian baptism. And we do not doubt that the afternoon walk of our friend was sweeter than our own, as we strolled through the Common, because of the fulfillment of what he believed to be a solemn duty; nor that the mother's grief was lessened by the thought that her little darling, so far as she was able, had been put directly in the Saviour's arms. It may be superstition at the basis of both actions, yet who shall say that the Master did not whisper a benediction, as He did of old, when He said of the centurion: "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, which may be liberally rendered, that "It is well to learn something from those even that you are everlastingly pitching into." And while we may be ahead, it may do us no harm as we pass the closed doors of our Protestant houses of worship, to look back and see the open portals of the Church which is our avowed enemy, and does not hesitate to taunt us with the very thing of which we write.

We think the substitutes are having the worst of it at present, though they must be getting pretty well used to it. It has its comical side, to see such preachers as Drs. Buttz, Freeman, Vincent, or Milley—they are all D.D.'s now-a-days—holding forth to a begrudging collection of empty pews. To us it is a matter of wonder how they get on at all. The only man we ever saw, who could lay any just claim to eloquence, who was equally able to speak to an audience of ten, or ten thousand, was John P. Durbin, and he sleeps. We shall never forget the whine of his voice, or the wonderful mastery with which he held his audience. One who heard him when a boy used to tell us of a sermon he preached at a Western camp-meeting. At such times the big guns were put forward, and there was an evident disgust in the "Amen-cornet" when this awkward stripping was seen in the pulpit, which was not lessened by the drawing tones of his opening sentences. At last he got hold of his audience, and once in his power he never let go till the grove rang with the "glories" and "hallelujahs" of his delighted hearers. And yet, though fully announced, we heard Dr. Durbin, at his best, too, in company with this same friend, when his audience was limited to seventy-five persons. Shall we try to give you a single passage of that marvelous sermon?

It was communion Sunday, and the Doctor was very feeble. Said he, "When I was in Jerusalem, I waited till the last day, and then, going out of St. Stephen's gate, walked along the little road that leads to Mount Olivet. As I went I passed the garden of Gethsemane, and leaning upon the stone-wall, I gazed upon those gnarled olive trees that had stood so many centuries. How it came I cannot tell, but I found myself at the foot of one of those trees, with my face in my hands, and my hands in the dust, and there came upon me the cry, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!'" His voice was

full of tears, and we seemed to be in the very presence of the suffering Redeemer. So our friends, whom we have named above, may take courage from Dr. Durbin's example.

But we will change all this in September. The sea-breezes will be over-cool, and the nights chilly in the groves. Let us hope new vigor may come from what, from a worldly point, looks a little like undue relaxation.

Aug. 22. CLARKE.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Politicians, as rated in to-day's markets, may laugh at thought of a distinctively Christian party in politics. But the day will come when the vintage of their scorn will be the tears of their kind. The time is not extremely remote when the political office-seeker shall be catechized upon more than his back votes—upon his recognition or rejection of the voice of God in government. Now, he will call this fanaticism, or a dangerous union of Church and State. Neither. It is political common-sense and Christian consistency. What would the world say to see Emperor William appointing socialists to positions of trust and honor in the German government? People outside insane asylums would say he was a fool. Well, in this country every Christian man is a morsel of sovereignty. When, then, in local or general government, he votes into power a man who is the open assassin of Christianity, its covert foe, or even indifferent to its interests, does he not earn equal title to the "fool" epithet? Yet, aggregate the Christian vote of this country or of this city, and every year it commits no less folly than William would.—Northwestern.

If the providence of God goes before, it is equally true that it follows after. Some must live and some must die. Some will increase and some will decrease. All this is just like life. Some ministers and circuits will be disappointed, while others will be thankful they ever were brought together. Some will go where they did not want to go, and be very thankful that they were ever sent. It is not impossible that both circuits and ministers may think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, and the providential check and humbling is occasionally good for us all. Ministers and circuits are bound to do the best for themselves consistently with mutual rights, and provided it is done in a Christian spirit. But the thing done being done, what follows? Make the best of it. Do not get soured. Do not make people miserable by ceaseless complaints. Put a cheerful courage on, and in the Lord's work let the Lord be glorified whatever may become of your own will and way. There is nothing more detestable in a Christian, be he minister or layman, than everlasting grumbling and discontent when the thing done cannot be undone.—Wesleyan Methodist Recorder.

What is the "obedience of the faith" but a life of active service for God and humanity? What, practically, is love to God, but a doing of what will please and honor Him? What is a working out of our salvation but the blossoming out of hope's aspirations into earnest work for heaven? What is the work of faith, the labor of love, and the patience of hope, but an obedient life? What is such a life but a series of good works, seeing which men will glorify God? The sun is made for shining, and salt for conserving. Christians are made for active, earnest obedience to God. Just as God's work for man is always helpful to man, so is man's work for God; but another way God is of blessing man. This obedience is not fickle, or periodical, rendered to-day and refused to-morrow; yielded when convenient, and withheld when observance is popular and safe, but declined when dangers threaten and times change; but an obedience fixed as the north star, steady as needle to the pole and as flower to the sun. The inflexible principle is, duty rather than pleasure, ease, safety, or even life itself. To such a Christian, the voice of conscience is God's voice. Its demands are imperative. He dares not refuse them. The Bible, all through, by the plainest precepts, teaches the vital importance of obedience. In paradise and at Sinai, it is enjoined. Ebal and Gerizim echo and re-echo its blessings and cursings. "To obey is better than sacrifice." Obedience is the staple theme with Isaiah and Jeremiah. Passing over into the new dispensation, "grace and apostleship" are to bring all nations unto "the obedience of faith;" an obedience born of faith and so perfect that every thought is subjected to the obedience of Christ, who is "the author of eternal salvation" to all that obey Him.—Western.

If there had not been such a thing as goodness, I should long ago have given up all hope of earthly good. If not such a thing as grace, I should long ago have given up the hope of heaven. But goodness, grace, the merits of Christ for nothing, have been and forever must be the rock on which we perishing souls must rest.—Rutherford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.
A STUDY.

BY REV. J. W. GUERNSEY.

[Concluded.]

Judas now appears on the stage for a few moments for the last time. It remains to us to reconcile the two apparently contradictory accounts of his death as given in Matt. xxvii, 3-8, and Acts i: 18-19: "Then Judas which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood; and they said, What is that to us? See thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said, It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, for it is the price of blood. And they took counsel and bought with them the potter's field to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field is called 'the field of blood' unto this day" (Matt. xxvii, 3-8). "Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity, and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem; insomuch as that field is called, in their proper tongue, Aeldama, that is to say, 'the field of blood'" (Acts i, 18, 19).

The first difficulty that meets us here, arises from the notion, common to all interpreters, so far as we have observed, that the two records of the purchase of ground both refer to one field and one transaction—a notion which only warrant is found in the fact that the field referred to in each case was called the "field of blood," and that in one case the purchase was made with the money paid for the betrayal of the Saviour, and in the other with the reward of iniquity. Against this notion we urge that the purchasers, in one case, were the chief priests; in the other case, Judas. In one case, the name "field of blood" was given because it was purchased with the price of blood—the blood of Jesus Christ; in the other case the name, "field of blood," was given because upon that field, Judas died a bloody death.

And as to the money paid by Judas, the thirty pieces of silver were not the only reward of iniquity which he had acquired; "for he was a thief." The money was probably paid to Judas on the day preceding the feast of unleavened bread—a time when the Jews were preparing for their most solemn annual festival; one part of the preparation consisting in a rigid examination of their houses, to discover and destroy every particle of leaven and leavened bread that existed. Every part of the house was swept with great care, and if even a mouse was seen to run across the floor with a crumb of bread in its mouth, the whole house was considered as polluted, and they began the work of purification afresh (See *Exodus* xii, 19). At this time Jerusalem was full of strangers from all parts of the world, gathered together for the feast. Every house was full of guests; old acquaintances were renewed and new ones formed, and the whole business and social life of the city were diverted from the ordinary channels, and absorbed in the special interests of the occasion. At such a time a Jew would be little inclined to negotiate for the sale of real estate; and Judas was too intently watching for an opportunity to betray Jesus, in the absence of the multitude, to have any time or thought for such business. There is no proof that the money was paid to him till the betrayal was completed; indeed, the contrary is implied in the record—"The chief priests covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver" (Matt. xxvi, 15); they "promised to give him money" (Mark xiv, 11).

This "opportunity" for which Judas "sought" did not occur till some time during the night preceding the crucifixion. From the time of the betrayal till the assembling of the chief priests, and the arraignment of Jesus before the high priest, there was no opportunity for the purchase of land, being in the dead of night, as was indicated by the subsequent crowing of the cock, which, according to the well-known habits of that fowl, occurred between midnight and morning. So constant was this act that its occurrence marked a familiar division of time, in accordance with which the Lord said to His disciples, "Ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning" (Mark xiii, 35).

The remainder of the night seems to have been employed in the examination of Jesus before the high priest. Having determined that Jesus was worthy of death, but having no power to inflict it, "in the morning, the chief priests held a consultation with the elders, and scribes, and the whole council, and bound Jesus, and carried him away, and delivered him to Pilate" (Mark xv, 1). These transactions occurred about the time of the vernal equinox, and the sun arose about six o'clock. In that latitude there is little or no twilight. The arraignment before Pilate could not have occurred earlier than between six and seven o'clock. The crucifixion took place at nine o'clock. Considerable time must have elapsed between the condemnation and the execution to allow of the transactions that occurred as related (Mark xv, 15-23).

"And so Pilate, willing to content

the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified. And the soldiers led him away into the hall called Praetorium; and they call together the whole band, and they clothed him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head, and began to salute him, 'Hail, King of the Jews!' and they smote him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon him, and bowing their knees, worshipped him. And when they had mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, and led him out to crucify him. And they compel one Simon, a Cyrenian, to bear his cross. . . . And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, and they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh."

An hour is not an unreasonably long time to allow for these transactions; so that the condemnation must have occurred as early as eight o'clock, allowing not more than two hours at the longest for the proceedings before Pilate and Herod. These proceedings Judas must have watched, for he was present at the condemnation; consequently he could not have purchased the field at this time, nor was he in any state of mind to engage in such a transaction.

When Judas saw that Jesus was condemned, he repented of his treachery, went to the chief priests, confessed his sin, and declared the innocence of Jesus, probably hoping thereby to save him from death. Falling in this, he cast down the thirty pieces of silver in the temple, and went forth to his fate.

Our conclusion is, first, that the chief priests took the money that Judas brought back, and bought with it the potter's field to bury strangers in; and that the field was called the "field of blood" because it was purchased with the price of blood, according to the record in Matt. xxvii, 3-8. We conclude, secondly, that at some previous time Judas had purchased a field with money dishonestly obtained, perhaps stolen from the treasury of the sacred family. Perhaps it was the consideration of the amount he might take to it without being detected and apply on his purchase, that led him to say of Mary's ointment, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?"

The manner of Judas' death remains to be considered. Matthew says, according to our translation, "He hanged himself." Luke reports Peter as saying, "Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out" (Acts i, 18). To reconcile these accounts, expositors have resorted to the supposition that Judas hung himself with a rope of insufficient strength; and this giving way, the violence of the concussion in falling burst his abdomen, and its contents fell out. This is an efficient solution of the difficulty, but it seems to us clumsy and far-fetched. We suggest another. The word rendered "hanged" simply denotes strangulation, without specifying the cause or mode. It is a familiar fact that violent, painful emotions produce a strangulation more or less complete; and violent physical exertion, especially in case of great, previous exhaustion, would aggravate it. For several days Judas had been in a state of intense excitement, allowing no time, and giving no opportunity, to eat or sleep. In the condition of bodily weakness and nervous irritation so produced, the condemnation of his confiding, loving Master roused him to a sense of his enormous guilt, and he hastened, if possible, to save him from death. Falling in this, overwhelmed with remorse, he fled from the presence of the priests, rushed through the streets of Jerusalem, and out at the gate to the field that he had purchased with the reward of iniquity. Exhausted nature failed; his physical and mental state combined to produce a spasmodic contraction of the trachea, and thus strangled, he fell headlong—the momentum of his flight giving such force to the concussion as he fell, that he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out; the blood rushed forth from the ruptured vessels, and the field was called Aeldama, the "field of blood."

CAMP-MEETING AND MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING.

BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D. D.

Northwestern Connecticut is a gem of landscape beauty. The smooth valley of the Housatonic River, rimmed with verdant mountains, is as lovely as any ideal landscape ever painted. At Canaan, in the widest and fairest part of this valley, two railways intersect—the Housatonic, following the valley north and south from Bridgeport, Ct., to Pittsfield, Mass., and the Connecticut Western, running east and west between Hartford and the Hudson. Two miles south of Canaan, between the Housatonic railroad track and the eastern shore of the river, lies a fine young pine forest, surrounded by rich farms, and overlooking the picturesque valley. Here lies Pine Grove camp-ground, and here we are, at it.

We alight at "camp station," a comfortable affair; and a good gravel walk through lawn and grove brings us to the encampment in five minutes. Here are twenty-two acres of ground, nearly all of it covered with this beautiful second-growth of white pine, from six to eighteen inches in diameter, straight, tall and densely green. In this fragrant bower is the camp circle, surrounded by forty or fifty neat cottages, the largest and prettiest not costing over \$300.

There is a good preacher's house, its broad piazza constituting the preaching-stand, and facing the sloping benching for about 2,500 people. There is a good two-story lodging-house with rooms single and double, and a large and well-kept boarding-house.

The enterprise is owned by a stock company, chartered by the State, whose president, the Hon. J. R. Ward, resides near by, and has a local pride in the care of the place. A special train runs between Camp station and the junction at Canaan, during camp-meeting, so that all connections with both roads there are sure and prompt. With post-office, telegraph, and a daily paper printed on the ground reporting all the sermons, all possible temporal arrangements would seem to be complete.

The first meeting here was held in 1800. In 1868 annual meetings were established. In 1870 the organization was incorporated, and has since paid \$1,000 for its twenty-two acres of land, and \$7,000 for improvements. Though not in any sense a watering-place, still many people live here for several weeks, for good air and rest.

This is, in fact, a most charming spot. Towards the west the Tugahonic mountain range is in bold view for forty miles. Eastward the Canaan Mountains overlook the camp itself. Black Tom is just at hand. Haystack Mountain—aptly named—looks directly down upon the Connecticut Western Railroad at Norfolk, as we come from the East. The profound but velvet valley of Blackberry River, along the same road, is an inimitable picture of mountain-framed verdure and culture.

But come with this cheery party of ministers, during an interval in the meetings, and take a look over the whole region, from the summit of Prospect Mountain, two or three miles away, and across on the western shore of the Housatonic. Five dominions, with driver and guides are off for a breezy ride and climb. With a spanking span, and a strong open spring wagon, we bowl along the smooth valley roads at a rattling pace. The valley farms on either hand are exceedingly rich, and in splendid trim. We cross the placid Housatonic, well-stocked with the black bass at Dutchess bridge, but we were sure to get across all right, for we brought along a good bridge of our own—Storbridge. Our wagon rides easily, for at least one seat is upholstered with Terry. We have no fear of losing the points of the compass, for any one of us can tell which way North is. We are not afraid of the lofty mountain, for we are well-used to a pretty high hill of our own. And I don't see any way to get out of this except by saying that, as we have a Taylor along to look after the safety of "the cloth," we can afford to "let things rip!" And they do—for, as the conversation turns on mountains and cascades, North explodes us all by saying that on the occasion of a recent visit to the famous Katerskill falls, the attendant solemnly turned on the water with a crank, that he might see for a moment the awful sublimity of the cataract; and Terry caps this by saying, that at his visit, in the midst of his unsuspecting rapture, they as suddenly turned the water off!

That will do for cataracts; and this brings us to the foot of the mountain and to the beginning of the climb. The ascent is very steep all the way, as nearly precipitous as earth and shale will lie, covered at this point only with bushes and wild pasture. With a good exercise of clerical muscle, in half an hour we are at the summit, where a superb view opens upon our vision. We find our mountain to be a detached knob in the middle of the valley of the Housatonic. The summit is a sheep run, entirely clear of forest and bushes, and so we have an unobstructed view in every direction. The bottom lands of the river below are finely formed and smooth as velvet, save the tall corn-fields, or the willow fringe through which gleams Housatonic's winding ribbon of silver. Not less than eight or ten fine villages are in sight, with their white church spires pointing heavenward. Four or five lovely lakes gleam like polished mirrors among groves and spires below. But the glory of the view is its encircling rim of mountains, that belt the entire horizon. Southward lie the rugged ridges of Cornwall and Kent; eastward, just across the lovely vale below us, rises the stern rampart of the Canaan mountains, a spur of the Berkshire mountains of Massachusetts, which are all in sight to the northeast, over the shaggy top of Black Tom. Westward rise the higher Salisbury mountains, Indian mountains, Ore Hill, and the massive form of Mt. Riga. Here they stand in majestic beauty, verdant to their summits, and robed in the misty amethystine purple of height and distance. Nothing but the witchcraft of atmospheric effects can paint those dreamy tints that melt away upon the vision-like glimpses into the infinite.

Following the valley of the Housatonic far into Massachusetts, the eye at last rests on Monument Mountain, whose romantic Indian legend is sung in Bryant's poem, and whose cliff looks down upon the perfect loveliness of Great Barrington meadows. And last of all, afar to the northwest, through a gap in the Tugahonics, loom the far-away forms of the Catskills, Round Top, Overlook, and their fellows, lifting their cloud-like mass against the sky fifty miles away.

But farewell to the mountains, for our eyes rest on Pine Grove and its cottages nestled below, and the hour and a half between dinner and the next sermon is fast passing. We must come down from God's high place to worship at the lowlier but not less accepted altar reared by man.

This camp-meeting has a good religious record, and that is the best of all. This year promises to well maintain the former fame. The meeting is under the judicious charge of Rev. A. K. Sanford, well beloved by all who know him. The opening service on Monday evening consisted of addresses by Revs. A. K. Sanford, W. C. Hoyt, A. H. Ferguson, and B. Pillsbury, D. D., all ex-Presiding Elders, competent to advise what Israel ought to do. The sermons of Tuesday were by Revs. J. W. Macomber, W. L. Pattison, and W. Wake. Wednesday, A. H. Ferguson, W. M. Allister, and your correspondent. Thursday, G. E. Strowbridge, M. H. Payson (Baptist), and Wm. T. Hill.

We leave the ground this (Thursday) afternoon, and cannot report further, save that a large number of preachers are present and well at work. Dr. O. H. Tiffany is expected to preach Friday morning, and Hon. Oliver Hoyt to address the children's meeting at 10 P. M. Revs. G. E. Reed and J. G. Oakley are expected to participate in the Sabbath service, and the meeting will close on Monday. If all the brethren enjoy as much blessing in their own hearts, as this writer felt while trying to do his part, both preachers and people will go down to their homes not unprofitably by the resins air, the mountain views, and the heavenly energizing, of Pine Grove camp-meeting.

Aug. 22.

CHAUTAUQUA IN 1878.

BY A NEW ENGLANDER.

Just before the first Chautauqua Assembly, Bishop Simpson expressed a very high estimate of the influence of such a meeting if the programme, then published, could be carried out. Five successful gatherings have stricken out the "if," and there is scarcely a Sunday-school on the continent that does not feel the influence of this "University." From year to year there have been shakings of the head and shrewd prophecies of deterioration, but certainly it has not been apparent in 1878. The numbers have been greater than ever. There was a falling off in the "transients," but in their stead multitudes came to occupy cottages or tents. The figures were placed at seven thousand. In thoroughness of normal-class work, too, there was an advance. The lectures and literary exercises were fully up to the average. Dr. H. W. Warren, by his astronomical lectures, illustrated by "star maps," the telescope and Prof. Maynard's stereoscopic views of the planets, poured a flood of light on this brilliant theme. Bishop Foster held his audience spell-bound while he said "Beyond the grave" in three wonderful lectures. As to Rice, Cushing, Bidwell, Deems, Talmadge, Dr. Lord, Joseph Cook, Prof. Bowae, and others, I need not, cannot speak.

THE "C. L. S. C."

will henceforth be a marked feature of this work. The fact that more than a thousand men and women signed an agreement to devote at least four hours a week to reading and study on the lines of history, literature, etc., is worth noting, and must raise the tone of Sunday-school work. The "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," like the normal class, is open to all who will pursue the described course. For the details of this plan, as well as for full reports of lectures, etc., I must refer your readers to the *Chautauqua Herald*, edited by Brother Flood, and published by M. Bailey, Jamestown. It is a grand paper for live Sunday-school workers.

THE CHILDREN

were not neglected. Every day some three hundred and fifty little people gathered in the new and beautiful "children's temple," where Rev. B. T. Vincent instructed and drilled them in the lines indicated in his "Bible Studies for Little People," and Frank Beard deepened the impression with his inimitable crayon. Each day these teachers prepared a beautiful little paper which was printed by the pyrographic process, and distributed among the delighted children.

Great use was made of the pyrograph, under the direction of Rev. J. H. James, of Burnside, Ct. Dr. Vincent publicly said he did not know how Chautauqua could have gone along without it, or did he see how any superintendent could get along without it. It is a wonderful help in such work.

THE VISIT OF GOVERNOR COLQUITT, of Georgia, was the sensation of this occasion. The public reception given him was an ovation. His many words for Christ, and his earnest plea for peace all over the land—such peace as demagogues hate, and such as can only come through true Christianity—will long ring in the memory of the throngs who heard him. God give us more such noble Christian men in high positions!

THE CHRISTIAN ONENESS

of Chautauqua impresses every one. Denominationalism is forgotten, and Christ is all. The skill and tact of the incomparable Dr. Vincent, the uninterrupted good order, the vast amount of hard work accomplished, and many other matters might be enlarged upon. Certainly no one can be here without feeling, Great is Chautauqua. Oh, for some like opportunity for needed culture in our own New England.

Fair Point, Aug. 22.

LETTER FROM WILBRAHAM.

The sons and daughters of Wesleyan Academy love to get back beneath the shadow of Alma Mater, and spend a quiet summer. Some of these also visit real mothers of flesh and blood, whose embrace grows none the less cordial as the years increase. And the daughters do not all come home alone, but bring friends of their youth, who more than once, in years ago, chatted with them at the frontage of the old homestead. With these friends—now, as you may have guessed, their happy husbands—they love to walk in the moonlight to the dear old trying-places; for nowhere does the moon shine more beautifully than through the noble trees at Wilbraham. These summer visitors form quite a coterie of *literati*, many of whom are not without distinction. The President of Boston University resides here with his family—what time he is permitted by pressing interests and friends to repose at all. Prof. Kington makes an annual visit to his sister, Mrs. Dr. Foster. This year he was summoned back, after his departure, to bury an old family servant, who had for upwards of fifty years been in their service, and of whom he was the special favorite.

The Northwestern University sends home, to see his parents, Prof. Fisk, of the preparatory school. Prof. Gillett, formerly of the Cambridge High School, comes from the New York Normal School where he has charge of the department of natural science. New York also sends Dr. Kellogg, now connected with a promising young classical school, and for a number of years teacher in Anthon's school. Dr. Cooke, of Clafin University, S. C., whose heart must ever cling to Wilbraham, goes his familiar rounds, only to be heartily welcomed by his old acquaintances. Prof. Merrick, principal of the High School, Pittsford, Penn., nephew of President Merrick of Delaware, Ohio, spends a few weeks with his widowed mother.

Over the mountains and across the plains comes Mr. Joseph K. Gill from Portland, Oregon, a leading book-dealer of all that region, and an enthusiastic and substantial Methodist. He comes East partly on business, but revisits old friends and old scenes, and here finds his brother, Prof. Gill, and his old school home. Rev. Dr. Spence, of the M. E. Church, South, takes his vacation with his family in the old ancestral homestead of his wife, which is one of the oldest houses in New England—comparatively old at the time of the Revolution. Judge Thomas E. Mearns, of New Orleans, summoned to the bedside of a sick brother, who is now convalescing, carries here during the remainder of the summer with his wife and son. A native of Wilbraham, a student in the Academy, afterwards a lawyer in the West, he removed to Louisiana, where he rose in distinction until he became the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State.

Other names need not be here for longer or shorter periods, who love to sit once more with father and mother around the family board, and rest in the quiet of this delightful spot. Some few tea-parties or evening gatherings bring these friends in free and easy social intercourse, but for the most part they are all best pleased to let alone and recuperate from more or less earnest work which taxes their energies the rest of the year.

The people here are pleased to learn that Rev. Ira G. Bidwell, so well known to the readers of the *HERALD* and to New England Methodists, is expecting to spend the winter with his own family, and his children will enter the Academy this term.

To-day the school opens. I have seen a number of new faces, and the stage on each trip is bringing in the returning students. May the number be large of those who are wise enough to seek the first-class advantages of Wesleyan Academy, full of vigor as of years.

Aug. 21.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

PLAINVILLE, CONN.

This meeting was opened Aug. 12th, and closed on the 15th. The attendance varied from three or four hundred to perhaps three thousand. There were from a dozen to thirty ministers present, almost all of them being from our own district—the New Haven—and recommended by more or less of the members of their respective churches. Rev. W. T. Hill, Presiding Elder, was president of the meeting. On Wednesday, Presiding Elder Mather, president of the Williams camp-meeting, appeared and took part in the religious services. A strong committee of laymen, headed by Presiding Elder Mather, came to the meeting to look after the temporalities of the meet. The staff of the meeting was prepared to order, and the boarding-house arrangements of the grounds quite satisfactory. Rev. E. O. Munson, of Windsor, struck the first note in the series of sermons, on the text, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Tuesday morning opened finely for public worship. Rev. B. M. Adams, of First Church, New Britain, was the preacher, and leader of the services. He took for his text, "They that wait upon the Lord shall not be ashamed." At two o'clock, Rev. C. H. Buck, of Bristol, discoursed earnestly on, "Prepared for every good work." In the evening, a young minister, Rev. Mr. Shepherd, from Wethersfield, preached from, "Now is the accepted time."

On Wednesday morning, Rev. Mr. Wyatt, of Durham, was the preacher. He delivered a strong and telling discourse. The good old story of the jailer's conversion was chosen as his topic. All through it was a noble effort. The afternoon service was devoted to the temperance cause, and a congregation of 2,000 attended. Rev. Mr. Lansing, formerly of our Southern work, now of Meriden, was the preacher. He took for his text, 1 Cor. vi, 19: "Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost?" and considered the causes, the effects and the cure of intemperance. The preacher spoke well and strongly for an hour, and was heard attentively to the last. Mr. Range, of Essex, followed in an earnest exhortation, and in leading a prayer-meeting. The evening sermon was by Rev. Mr. Foster, who was received into Conference last year, founded on "He first sanctifies his own brother Simon and brought him to Jesus."

On Thursday, at 9.30, Rev. Mr. Westgate, of Middletown, appeared as the speaker. He is of pleasing manner and address, but before he commenced, Rev. Mr. Field, of Durham, a supernumerary, who has been for fifty-eight years in the work, desired to say a few words to the people; and they proved to be words of weight and wisdom. He urged the Methodists to stand by their class-meetings, and the pastors to ripen with their people for the heavenly harvest. Mr. Westgate then announced John i, 17, as his text: "For as many as will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine." The afternoon hours were given to the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The Presiding Elder made appropriate remarks about the enormous pagan and heathen populations, and our obligations towards them, and then introduced Mrs. G. L. Taylor, of Wolcottville, who spoke very interestingly. Mrs. T.'s voice could hardly be heard over the whole of the large congregation. Out of the collection, \$27 fell to the share of the society. The evening sermon by Rev. Mr. Ford, of the First Church, Hartford, was good and earnest: "He that spared not His own Son?" etc. (John iii, 16).

Friday was the last day of the feast; for there was no Sunday camp-meeting this year, thank God! At eight o'clock, a love-feast, which proved to be a marvelous meeting, commenced. In little more than an hour, making reduction for preliminary services, 260 persons spoke, in Scripture quotations, verses of hymns, religious apothegms, etc. After the love-feast, Rev. George Lansing came before the congregation, with a sermon as good as it was grand, on the story of Gideon and his three hundred. In the afternoon, Rev. Wm. M. Allister, of Birmingham, began a sermon on James i, 25: "But whose looketh unto the perfect law of liberty?" etc.; but before he got fairly into the subject, the rain dissolved the congregation. It continued to rain through the night, so that Israel was obliged to remain in the tents. Rev. Ira Abbott (sup.), and others preached, and meetings were continued, but there was no formal dismissing from the stand.

The entire meeting was full of holy, joyous power. I heard of from twelve to twenty conversions. The daily children's meetings were successfully led by Mrs. E. C. Hill and Rev. Mrs. Tompkinson. Preachers' meetings and class-leaders' meetings were also attended to, and made a great blessing. In them all, Rev. B. M. Adams took a leading and acceptable part, as a ready, happy Christian, under the blessed baptism of the Holy Ghost.

EAST POLAND, ME.

I am astonished at the improvements on this ground during the past twenty-one years. Here are lamps which light the camp-ground at night; the seats are furnished with backs and painted; there is an abundant supply of pure water, which is sold to be drunk as the Poland Spring water; and a beautiful preacher's stand has been built this year. The grounds are fully cleared up, and many cottages have been built, and all these improvements are paid for. When this association has built a covering over her altar and around it, where the people can be sheltered from the sun and the rain, then this will be a first-class camp-meeting.

The preaching was excellent, and so were the exhortations, the songs, and the prayers. Every tent had its own blessed meeting, and the fire of God's love melted the masses of professors. Many entered into the blessed experience of entire sanctification. This was the keynote at the beginning, and all the way through.

Rev. C. C. Mason presided with great kindness and wisdom, and he was deeply solicited for the sanctification of believers and the salvation of souls. Thursday was a glorious day. The altar service was a scene of great power. Hundreds were stirred in the depths of their hearts, and came forward for full salvation. Friday afternoon was a still more powerful day. The fire of God came down upon and around the altar. It was one of those special seasons that only come to mortals under these favored circumstances.

The tent-meetings deepened in interest from time to time, and there was a very general quickening in every tent and in almost every heart. When all the preachers did so well, it is useless to mention names. I am glad to see such a fine class of rising young ministers. The Sabbath was a rainy day, but nine services and two children's meetings were held, and the service in the Park Street tent went on till after midnight. The finest cottage on the ground is built for the Presiding Elder. The results of this meeting are glorious on every hand.

E. DAVIES.

Our Book Table.

FROM DARK TO DAWN: A Second Series of Night Scenes in the Bible. By Rev. Daniel March, D. D., author of "Home Life in the Bible." "Walks and Homes of Jesus." etc. Octavo, 639 pp., cloth, \$3.00. Published by J. C. McCreedy & Co., Philadelphia, and sold only by their agents. This is another of the picturesque and impressive volumes of Dr. March, having striking Scriptural scenes for the foundation of descriptive discourses. Of all that contemporary history and vivid description of the localities where the events occurred, the author of these charming volumes illustrating Scripture, has created for himself. The steel engravings are prepared expressly for the work, and are, in themselves, striking illustrations of the scenes they symbolize—the Darkened Noon of the Crucifixion, Gideon's Attack of the Midianites, the Night of Hebrew Tidings to the Wife of Jerobam, Nehemiah's Night View of Jerusalem, the Story-teller of the Desert, Ezekiel's Home by the Chebar, the Night Departure from Egypt, Night Wanderings in the Wilderness, a Night at Bethany, the Night after the Crucifixion, and the Burial of Jesus. There are twenty-four night-scenes in the volume, which find ample and effective development and moral application at the hand of the author. The work will suggest the manner of making the Bible an intensely interesting theme of discussion in such series of lectures, and will be a delightful companion for Sabbath reading at home. Dr. March has returned from Philadelphia to his old New England parish, at Woburn, and is renewing his years and labors. Many such valuable and practical religious volumes may be enabled to give the Church before he passes from "dark to dawn."

THE TRITONS: A Novel. By Edwin Lester Rymer, author of "Nimporo." Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 16mo, \$1.25. The author published his first volume anonymously, but its lively sale and popular acceptance brings out its name upon its success. His volume is a vivid picture of the social life of to-day. His tale opens with the burning of the theatre in Brooklyn. He relates his incidents, which are all quite natural, in a vigorous style; pictures his characters so distinctly that they will preserve their identity in memory. They remind one—the humble personages, like the Tritons, True and False, of Dickens's *protege*, but have quite an air of their own. The great lesson of the book, that every man must have some purpose in life or he will throw himself away, is well worked out. The book ends quite abruptly, as the conclusion accords with the growing hopes of the reader, the generous provision with which the writer in his closing pages becomes the good providence to his hero and heroine, and lavishes upon them unlimited blessings, is readily and patiently accepted.

THE ATONEMENT, Viewed as Assumed Divine Responsibility. By Rev. W. G. Sanford, D. D., formerly of Washington, now of Harlem, N. Y. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1.00. For sale in Boston by L. & Shepard. This little manual is an able treatise, coming at an opportune moment, upon the great fundamental truth of the Gospel. It gives a history of the doctrine as revealed in the Old Testament Scriptures, as illustrated in the universal religious sentiments of the race, as fully developed by Christ and set forth in the Gospels, as expounded in the Epistles, as interpreted by the Christian Fathers, as embodied in doctrinal symbols in the successive ages of the Church, as held by different theological

schools, as approaching unity and harmony in our days, as illustrated in individual experience, and alone meeting the moral necessities of man. The volume is written in admirable temper, and is a very useful contribution to the voluminous literature upon the sublime theme it considers. Dr. Sanford is one of the recognized scholars of the Baptist Church, a man of liberal learning, a professor hereof in theology, and an ardent Biblical student.

LIFE OF MARY DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, Founder of the Society of Nazareth. Translated from the French. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, 338 pp. It is a quaint volume, reciting the chief incidents in the life of a Roman Catholic saint in the days of Louis the Sixteenth. It is written by an unassuming believer in the Roman Catholic Church, but her traditions, her miraculous powers, her ministries and ordinances. This hearty faith gives a pleasant flavor to the volume, while the awkward and antiquated rendering of the translator becomes, of itself, a kind of charm. The subject was born in the highest ranks of French society, and carried her singular Christian simplicity and devoutness through all its frivolities, until she found her true mission and entered upon her broader work of charity. She died at Paris, January 24, 1849, in the eighty-fifth year of her age, greatly beloved and lamented.

THE SURE MERCIES OF DAVID, or God's Dealings in the Sanctuary. By Anna Ship-ton. New York: T. Y. Crowell. This is another of the devout meditations of this cultivated Christian author. Quite a library of the pure and impressive religious treatises have already come from her pen. The present volume discloses the rich spiritual profit which may be derived from a prayerful use of the stated worship of God's house. It is a good volume to be read, and it will be a first-class camp-meeting.

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FROM THE SAME HOUSE we have A PRIMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Charles F. Richardson, which would form a good textbook, in connection with an intelligent teacher, in the lowest classes of our high schools and seminaries. It is a very comprehensive and well-arranged outline of the origin and growth of American literature, from the Pilgrim and Puritan divines of Massachusetts, of 1639, to Joseph Cook, of 1878.

THE HEAVENS OF OUR UNIVERSE: The Temple of Jehovah. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. In this little volume the heavens are set forth as a mystery revealed in the Bible. They are threefold—the visible world above us, the stellar space beyond, and the seat of the divine spirit, above and beyond the others. The universe, the author affirms, was created for the benefit of the earth and its inhabitants. Plurality of inhabited spheres is an absurdity. The great creation is a divine unit with one object. Within this temple of nature is the temple of God. What are the practical lessons intended to be drawn from this? We can hardly infer from reading the little volume, but we may infer that to us whether prayer be for ourselves, or for others, or for the world, its effect is restrained, and its influence is very clear that "who permits Himself to be in the conflict with the world, he is voluntarily overcome."

Harper & Brothers issue a valuable textbook in their Students' Series.—THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH during the First Ten Centuries, from its Foundation to the Fall of the Eastern Empire. By Philip Smith, B. A. With Illustrations. Just such a reliable, compendious history as this has long been needed. The author has shown his ability for the task in the volumes he has already issued upon the Old and New Testament histories. The present volume will be followed by a history of the Medieval Church. It seems to be written with judicial calmness and with Christian truthfulness, without conscious sectarian bias, but not without a warm Christian appreciation of the divine mission of the Church. We have not examined the treatment of ecclesiastical questions in long discussion, but commend the volume to the interested study of our readers.

From the same house we have, in their Franklin Square Library, THE YOUNG DUKE, by Benjamin Disraeli; CLEVEDEN, by Stephen Vane; HAVESHAM, or the Apotheosis of Jingo, by Edward Jenkins; TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENCE AMONG THE PEOPLE OF TURKEY, by a Consul's Daughter and Wife, edited by Stanley Lane Poole, a very interesting volume, pertinent to the hour, sold for 15 cents.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN is a collection of Temperance songs by one of our best musical artists, W. O. Perkins. It is published by G. D. Russell & Co., 125 Tremont Street. It is of a higher order of lyric and musical selections than many of these books. We commend it to Reform Clubs everywhere. The music is not difficult, and its introduction will be an era in any organization.

D. Appleton & Co. publish, in their New Handy Volume Series, A SUMMER DRILL, by Christian Reid, and THE ARAB WIFE: A Romance of the Polyneesian Seas. 30 and 25 cents. For sale in Boston by W. B. Clarke, Washington St.

The family.

GOOD WORDS FOR BAD TIMES.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

"Tribulation worketh patience,"—
Thus begins the holy text;
So, when sorrows come upon us,
Or with daily cares we're vexed,
Let us meekly bear the burden,
Though our "reason be perplexed."

Yes, for "patience worketh experience,"—
So the writing doth proceed;
And experience of God's goodness
In what human nature needs;
And we give the priceless blessing
When we patiently take heed.

And "experience maketh hopeful,"—
Still the scribe his theme pursues;
And, in truth, the soul that ever
Lifts its eyes and all things views,
Thinking of the changeless goodness,
Will not still to hope refuse.

Nor is hope without fruition;
See how choice a text is this!
"Hope makes not ashamed,"—which mean-
eth,
If I read it not amiss,—
Patient bearing, cheerful waiting,
End in never-ending bliss.

Sweet the soul refined by chastening,
Quiet as the brooding dove,
Mindful of the Eternal Wisdom,
Trustful of the boundless Love;
By experience, hope and patience,
Fitted for the house above.

"A SON OF THUNDER."

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M. A.

"It is good to be zealously affected
always in a good thing." No man can
succeed in any enterprise unless he
labors with zeal to accomplish his pur-
pose. There is no royal road to suc-
cess. Only by unceasing labor can the
goal be reached. This statement could
easily be illustrated by numerous inci-
dents taken from various walks in life.

It will be readily admitted that zeal
should characterize those who are am-
bassadors for Christ. Such as have
outshone their contemporaries, and made
their names illustrious, have been "in
labors more abundant." The early
Methodist preachers, both in England
and America, were men of great zeal,
or they never could have accomplished
the grand achievements with which
their honored names are associated, and
as illustrious examples to those
who come after them.

It is said that Richard Nolley, a
Methodist itinerant in America, came
upon the fresh trail of an emigrant in
the wilderness, and followed it till he
overtaken the family. When the emi-
grant saw him, he said, "What, a
Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to
be out of the way of them, and settled
in Georgia, where I thought I should
be beyond their reach. But there they
were, and they got my wife and daugh-
ter into their Church. Then I came
here to Choctaw Corner in search of a
piece of land, that I might be beyond
their reach, and behold, here is one
before I have unloaded my wagon." The
preacher exhorted him to make his
peace with God, that he might never
be troubled with Methodist
preachers.

We knew a very zealous Methodist
preacher, who was known by the pecu-
lar cognomen which stands at the head
of this paper, though he did not enter
the traveling connection until many
years after the venerable founder of
Methodism had gone to his reward. For
forty years he was well known in the
northern counties of England, as a
flying angel having the everlasting
Gospel to preach. He has now been
dead about ten years; but, though
dead, he yet speaks, for his name is
still dearly cherished by the thousands
among whom he labored. He was a
native of Tyneside, and with the excep-
tion of about seven years which he
spent in Yorkshire, the whole of his
ministerial life was given to circuits in
the counties of Durham and Northum-
berland.

The hero of our story was a keen,
man, a class of men whose services
have been greatly superseded by the
use of steam barges. Like most men
of this class, he was a person of great
strength, indomitable will, noble dar-
ing, fearless of danger, much given to
sport, and generous to a fault. His
feet were guided into the way of the
divine testimonies by the instrumen-
tality of that man, Rev. Hodgson, Cas-
son, whose labors in Gateshead and
vicinity were of the most extraordinary
character, and resulted in revival after
revival, in which several hundreds
were converted.

Soon after the conversion of the sub-
ject of our sketch, he was desirous of
being the means of converting others,
and used various methods to accom-
plish the noble purpose. Here are his
own words descriptive of his feelings:
"When God revealed His Son in my
heart, I felt raptures most heavenly.
I thought my sufferings were all at
an end. I went about trying to per-
suade all I fell in with to come and find
what I had found. I told them of my
peace, my love, my joy. I feared not
earth or hell; as for temptation, I
knew not what it meant; but I soon
found out, though I had months of
bliss."

When only seventeen years of age,
his name was put on the circuit plan as
an exhorter, and before he was twenty,
he was sent to a distant part of the
county of Northumberland to mission
several places which had always been
regarded as barren soil for Methodism.
He had some hardships to endure, as
the following will show: "It was com-
mon for him to sleep under haystacks
and hedges, and often enough his meal-
time brought him nothing but wild

fruit. He speaks of the relish with
which he devoured blackberries and
haws, which he found on the roadside."

Once as he was going to an evening
appointment, he saw about sixteen
females at work in the field. An im-
pression seized him that he ought to go
and speak to them of Christ. Obeying
the impulse, he clambered over the
hedge, ran across the field, and began
at the top of his voice, "Well, good
people, you are busy with your turnips.
I hope you don't forget you have each
a soul to save, and if not saved must
be damned forever. But Jesus died to
save you every one. Repent of your
sins now every one of you, and believe
in Christ, and He will save you and
make you happy. If you get religion,
it will help you in your work. I am
a missionary, and am going to preach
at C. to-night. I shall be glad to see
you all. God bless you every one!
Good afternoon." "Well," said one of
the women, "that's a strange man."

Another said, "How earnestly he
looked, and how earnestly he spoke;
let's go and hear him." Several of
them went, and some of them were
converted. He preached much in the open air,
and on one occasion he actually held
a religious service in the market-place
of a northern town, where a celebrated
showman was exhibiting. Hearing the
singing of "Come, O come, thou vilest
sinner," etc., the master of the show,
cried out, "Hallo, what's here? Jack,
bring the horn and drum; here's a fel-
low come to oppose us." The band
played most lustily. Our hero and his
friends took breath, and as soon as the
music ceased, they sung again, if pos-
sible louder than before; and thus the
warfare was continued, when the show-
man beholding the situation of affairs,
beat a retreat, giving his opponent a
parting salute, shouting through his
speaking trumpet: "Au war! thou
thinks thyself a clever fellow, now."

Our friend, now having the field to
himself, preached a powerful sermon
to several hundreds, who had thus been
drawn together by the singular pro-
ceedings of the evening.

Sometimes he was violently assailed
by persecutors. Once, when singing
in the street, a man rushed out of a
tavern, and vowed he would stop the
noise; but the preacher looked at him
meekly, and said, "Ah, man, thy heart
is very bad, but Jesus died to save
thee, drunkard as thou art." Just then
the disturber clenched his fist as though
he would strike the man of God, but
the company and he commenced sing-
ing, as by inspiration:—

"What a Captain I have got,
Is not mine a happy lot," etc.,

and the man, infuriated though he was,
did not seem to have power to carry
out his violent threats. The scene pro-
duced great excitement, and drew
many to the place of meeting, when
"the son of thunder" was clothed with
even more than usual influence, and
some seven persons professed to find
redemption through Christ.

On one occasion his great strength
was of good use to him. He was re-
turning home late in the evening, when
a miscreant pounced upon him; but
our hero soon made him feel there were
stronger arms than his. In the struggle
both fell into a ditch, which was nearly
dry. The robber found he was mas-
tered, and in a surly and gruff tone
begged to be freed from the terrible
grasp of the defendant. But the
preacher, with his knee on his chest
and his hand grasping his collar, held
him until he had given him a short
sermon, of which the following may be
regarded as the substance: "O you
miserable, wretched sinner, why do
you want to rob me, a poor Methodist
preacher? I have been to Harrogate
to preach salvation to sinners, and
now you want to rob me. The Lord
have mercy upon your wretched soul!
I have very little money on me. If
you go on in this way, the devil will
get you as sure as if he had you now,
and there'll be no getting away from
him. Man, going on this way, hell is
your doom. You must repent; repeat
make restitution, or you'll go to
hell. If you repent, God will save
you, robber as you are, for Jesus died
for thieves." During the delivery of
this short homily, the man gave unmis-
takable signs that he considered it
too long. He begged to be liberated,
but the preacher would not release
him until he had promised to amend
his life. Of course the poor fellow
would promise anything, and on being
freed from the iron grasp, he soon
bounded over the hedge and disap-
peared. Our hero's body bore the
marks of this encounter for several
months afterwards.

He was fearless and bold as a lion,
when the occasion rendered it neces-
sary. As he was going to an appoint-
ment one Sabbath morning, he ob-
served a number of men in a field,
shouting and yelling most terrifically.
He soon found it was a prize pugilist
encounter. Two men had been fight-
ing for some time, and yelling demons
in the form of men were bounding
them on. The poor wretches fighting
were streaming with blood. Without
a moment's hesitation, our hero rushed
between the combatants and separated
them, though in doing so the blood
spurred upon his own person from one
of the men who had just received a
terrible blow. He shouted in a voice
which made the crowd of rascals
shrink and sneak back, "I command
these men to desist! Shame, shame
upon you!" addressing the crowd.
Nor would he leave till the ruffianly
crowd was dispersed, when he con-
ducted the suffering pugilists to their
homes in the adjoining place where he
was about to preach.

[To be concluded.]

ANOTHER SCRAP OF HISTORY.

BY REV. E. H. HOWARD.

In a late number of the HERALD,
mention was made of the fact that Mr.
La Roy Sunderland, once one of the
heroic itinerants of Methodism, was the
first to advocate theological schools
among us—reading an essay on the
subject before the N. E. Conference
in 1834, which was shortly after pub-
lished in the Methodist magazine. In
his somewhat extended and very in-
teresting communication published a
few years since in the HERALD, touch-
ing his history and experiences as a
Methodist itinerant, Mr. Sunderland
states that every measure advocated
by him while in the Church, and for
the earnest advocacy of which he was
denounced and bitterly persecuted as
a radical and a fanatic, has since been
adopted by the Church, and is now
especially gloried in. Perhaps Mr. S.
was persecuted for his advocacy of
abolitionism as bitterly as for anything.
And in what does the M. E. Church
now glory more ardently than in its
anti-slavery record? Is there not some-
thing sad in the reflection that the
Church practically crucified the prophet
who first cried aloud against her
complicity with this "sum of all
villainies."

A venerable correspondent, Rev.
Moses Hill, formerly of the Maine Con-
ference, but at present a superannu-
ated member of the N. Y. East Con-
ference, and resident at Norwalk, Ct.,
in a late letter to the writer calls atten-
tion to another ground of obligation to
this ex-itinerant. He writes: "I was
familiar with Sunderland as an aboli-
tionist, and as editor of Zion's Watch-
man, and furnished for him, at his
earnest request, for that paper, assisted
by Joseph A. Merrill, the first consecu-
tive detailed report of the doings of
the General Conference that was ever
published. That was the Baltimore
General Conference of 1840. We did
it privately. Such was the opposition
to it, and to us, that had we been
known in this work I suppose they
would have crucified us. We reported
all business, documents and speeches,
and did it accurately. I wrote
eighteen hours every day, preparing
from my own and from Merrill's notes
the report for the paper. A few indi-
viduals learned that we were reporting,
and among them Jonathan Horton; and
he having delivered a carefully pre-
pared speech on slavery, wanted to see
my report of it before it was sent to
the printer. It having been read to
him, he exclaimed, 'Capital! capital!
better than the original.' The point
I wish to make is, that General Con-
ference would probably have gone on
in the old way for a great many years,
but for the enterprise and efforts of
Sunderland."

This is certainly another feather
in the cap of the "heroic itinerant of
other days," as Dr. Stevens once called
him in the Methodist; or would
doubtless be so esteemed had Mr. Sun-
derland remained loyal to the Church.
Does some one say that having aban-
doned the faith once delivered to the
saints, it is but just that he should be
denuded of the honors he won in its
defense. Before we pronounce this
judgment, would it not be well to in-
quire whether the Church itself is not
in some measure responsible for the
defection of this once eloquent son?
Because of his fiery philippics against
national sins, and against those who
apologized for them, did not those who
were in power excommunicate him, and
an unwarrantable stretch of authority
virtually drive him to the wall? If
his soul is lost, will all his blood be
found on his own skirts? At all events,
let those who are themselves without
fault throw the first stone. The writer
once asked the late Dr. True (of pre-
cious memory), whether there was not
reason to believe that our Church
authorities were arrogant and oppres-
sive in their dealing with La Roy Sun-
derland. He replied, "Yes; we were
all wrong, all wrong then." Has the
Church the magnanimity to own it as
frankly as Dr. True did, and so render
a tardy justice to one, who, though no
longer of the fold, is yet a human be-
ing, and justly merits a great eccle-
siastical indignity?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

TWO PATHS.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

John Floyd and Herbert Morehouse
were cousins, of nearly the same age,
and well matched in physical and men-
tal ability. They were graduates of
Appleton Academy, and started in life
in expectation of achieving brilliant
success out of the wide, grand future.
On the first day of their vacation they
chanced to meet. Said John to Her-
bert:—

"I've made up my mind to go to col-
lege, and I want you to go with me.
We've traveled thus far on a similar
track; let's keep together awhile
longer."

"That's easier said than done," re-
plied Herbert, laughing. "How are
you going to cultivate your brains with-
out money, and your father and mine
are poor men?"

"I don't need help," rejoined John
emphatically. "I've a sufficient cap-
ital in health and energy to give me an
education. Where there's a will there's
a way."

"I want money. I mean to be a rich
man. Money gives position, covers
defects of character, buys friends and
public favor. Money rules the world."

"My father says it is a difficult

thing to make a fortune honestly by
trade," said John reflectively.

"Honestly!" returned Herbert com-
punctuously. "When! One can't make
money and regard their fellow-men at
the same time. Besides, society re-
ceives the just on an equality with the
unjust, if he is backed by greenbacks.
Look at Esquire Deane. Everybody
knows he is a schemer and second-hand,
and that three-fourths of his money was
made by taking advantage of the ig-
norance or misfortune of people; yet he
is president of the bank, and superin-
tendent of the railroad. He has been
senator and representative, and is loaded
with honor and offices."

"And there is Rev. Jonas Fisher.
Where can you find a man with wider
influence than he? He has no money;
his parish pay him only salary enough
for a comfortable support; but he is be-
loved and honored everywhere. It is
his mind and character alone that give him
a leading place in society. Minds the
greater power."

"Well, John, you cultivate the intel-
lect, and I'll battle for the almighty dol-
lar, and we'll see which comes out with
most in the end."

John and Herbert here separated, and
their paths in life began to diverge.
Herbert began business with a greed
of gain, which soon made him a grasping
tyrant. He pushed sharp bargains;
took advantage of the ignorance or mis-
fortunes of his fellows; sacrificed the
interests of his friends; and wealth
flowed rapidly into his hands. But as
years went on, prosperity made him
reckless. He hazarded the bulk of his
fortune in a speculation which involved
him in ruin. Money had been his idol,
and when he beheld his vast fortune
suddenly wrecked, and his proudest
hopes in ashes, temptation to self-de-
struction arose and almost gained the
mastery.

Then a friend came to him, and with
words of sweet pity and cheer stimu-
lated a ray of light in his dark, despair-
ing soul. That friend was Rev. John
Floyd, the trusted, loved companion of
his boyhood.

And how had time dealt with him
since they parted? Rev. John Floyd's
early life had been a fierce battle with
poverty. Through the conquering
power of a brave spirit he overcame,
little by little, the giant obstacles in his
way. He obtained a collegiate educa-
tion, and studied for the ministry. His
talent and deep piety soon gave him a
foremost place. He is an earnest, life-
enabling, gospel preacher, settled over
a large and wealthy parish in one of
our rapidly-growing Western cities.
Knowledge, and a heart animated by
pure and lofty purposes, is the power
which has made his life a series of
triumphs.

Gratefully did the sorrowing, desti-
tute Herbert Morehouse accept his offer
of help. A few words from the hon-
ored, influential minister secured for his
old friend a situation where he received
a comfortable salary.

"John," said Mr. Morehouse bitterly,
"my life has been a mistake, a blank;
years have been crowned with success,
I battled for money, and gained and
lost all I had. You have toiled for an
education; you have devoted your life
to the service of God and humanity.
God has blessed you and cursed me.
You are at the top of the ladder; I am
a drudge at its base. I see now that
mind and character are a far mightier
power than money, unless used for the
advancement of the common good."

Reader, this is not a fictitious story,
but a true record of two lives led in
opposite paths, because guided by op-
posite purposes.

WAITING.

O happy thought! O sweet and blessed vi-
sion
Sent down to me!
That we may be in the waiting, or the work-
ing.

Be serving thee.
And patient waiting is the truest serving,
Ready to do thy bidding, when Thou callest,
With heart and hand.

Thy work is infinite, beyond the vision
Of our dim eyes.
And for some purpose are we all created,
And Thou art wise.

And some must wait, some bear the heat
and burden,
Some suffer long;
And some must pass through keen and sore
affliction.

To make them strong.
O happy thought! O sweet and blessed vi-
sion!

If I may be
Made fit, by whatsoever pain or sorrow,
For serving Thee.

What wilt Thou have me do, O blessed Sav-
ior,
To show my love?

Where can I serve Thee but with sweet en-
deavor,
Here or above?

Mrs. A. W. Curtis.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY M. E. E.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little
children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom
of heaven."

In the Sandwich islands a house lives an
old man, whose sight is forever gone,
and who is rich in faith towards God.
The spirit moved the heart of "blind
Joseph" to pray that five hundred souls
might be saved at Yarmouth camp-meeting.

Ministers and people caught the inspiration of this
aged servant, until his request seemed
to be the prayer of the mass.

As the sweet work went on—the
"weary and heavy-laden" bowed at
the altar and received "rest"—we
caught a glimpse of the old man as he
rose to speak, and a picture was photo-
graphed on our memory, which we
thought worthy of a Raphael.

The rain was gently pattering upon
the umbrella under which his silver
head was slightly bowed. As he leaned

upon his staff a look of child-like trust
glorified his sightless face, and we
heard him say, "We think now we
shall have to double it and say a thou-
sand."

In the Book it is written, "And it
shall come to pass that before they
call, I will answer; and while they are
yet speaking, I will hear."

There lived in the city of Boston a
little girl—Jessie Drew—the idol of
her father's heart. Jessie had a sweet
disposition, and loving, helpful ways.
She used to encourage the heart of a
dear Christian woman who was engaged
in the home missionary work, by her
efforts to do good. Again and again
she would come into the mission lead-
ing some child whom she had persuaded
to join the Sunday-school. She soon
won the name of "my little missionary
girl." It was a great gift to Jessie
because her father did not love the
Saviour. But she had a Christian
mother who taught her "Now I lay
me;" and every night they prayed to-
gether. "Our Father which art in
heaven." Then little Jessie would plead
alone:—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night."

One day, before she was seven years
old, she said to Miss Sherman, "You
give me all the good tracts you have,
and I'll make papa read them. I can
make my dear father do most any-
thing."

A year passed away, and yet the
father was unsaved. But Jessie was
still praying to the "tender Shepherd."

In the early summer, as Miss S.
was walking along the street, she heard the
tread of eager feet; and her little mis-
sionary bounded to her side, exclaim-
ing, "I'll do all I can to save my dear
father."

Soon after, she was stricken with
diphtheria and died. Her mission on
earth was ended. After she was taken
sick, she said, "I want to go to heaven
and be a little angel."

The strong man wept as his little
girl's friend told him of his darling's
life-long desire that he might come to
Jesus. He felt, too, that his wife was
not. Together they came to Yar-
mouth camp-ground, the week before
the public services, and Sunday night,
in a quiet home meeting, the father was
again reminded of little Jessie's loving
words, "I'll do all I can to save my
dear father."

As he thought of that little life, now
safe within the fold, it seemed as though
he had been himself to save him. And
then his heart melted in tenderness
as he thought of the sacrifice of the
"Lamb of God." He yielded his will,
opened his heart, and little Jessie's
father found the Saviour—the first one
of the five hundred.

We heard his ringing testimony in the
great congregation: "I mean to be a
Christian, and work for Jesus." Later
during the meeting, another of the fam-
ily found the Saviour, and the rest are
coming.

O ye doubting Tyndalls! Are ye
yet asking for a test of prayer? Do
ye fail to see that little Jessie's "All I
can," and the faith of the blind man,
mingled as "incense" before the throne?

All over that consecrated ground
wires were pleading for their husbands,
husbands for their wives; the parents
for their children, the children for their
parents. We heard one mother say,
"I will give all I have to save my hus-
band; and a father, 'I would willing-
ly give my life to save my boy.'"

"Greater love hath no man than
this." Father, mother, little children!
"Have faith in God." It is our individ-
ual work that brings our loved ones to
Christ.

O Christian heart, take courage!
Somebody's prayer was answered in
your behalf. One by one they are
coming—the five hundred. Aye! And
we doubt not that He whose "ways are
higher than your ways" will "double"
the number, and not until the book is
opened, shall we know the full influence
of Yarmouth camp-meeting, 1878.

FUN AND FACT.

Dr. Holmes says that crying widows
marry first. There is nothing like wet weather
for transpiring.

... An Irish lover remarks, "It's a very
great pleasure to be alone, especially when
your sweetheart is wid' ye."

... Careful housewife (lifting a shoe
from the cupboard): "Laf! who'd-a-thought
baby's shoe would turn up in the soup? But
I knew it wasn't lost. I never lose any-
thing!"

I slept in an editor's bed one night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh,
And I thought, as I tumbled that editor's
nest,
How easily editors lie.

Polished steel will not shine in the
dark; no more can human reason, however
refined and cultivated, shine effectually but
as it reflects the light of divine truth from
heaven.—John Foster.

They pray the best, who pray and watch;
They watch the best, who pray and watch;
Or patient, toil and pray and wait,
They hear Christ's fingers on the latch,
Whether He early comes, or late.

... On Sunday morning she told her little
niece to put on her things and take the bun-
dle under her shawl to the lady's house.
"Nobody will see it," she said. "But it is
not Sunday under my shawl, aunt!" asked
the child.

... A man was sitting for his photograph.
The operator said, "Now, etc. look kind of
pleasant—smile a little." The man smiled,
and then the operator exclaimed: "Oh, that
will never do! It is too wide for the in-
strument!"

... A little Irish boy fell down and bit
his tongue. He arose from the ground, cry-
ing and sobbing, and said to his brother:
"Oh! Stephen, dy's think I'll ever speak
again?"

Within each separate human soul
Lie melodies that sweeter are
Than those which solemn organs roll,
Or silver-tongued singers tell;
Or morning stars cry out to star;
But, chilled by the dark world's eclipse,
They die before they reach the flow.
Sidney Dickinson.

... Great Paul is least of saints, last of
apostles; greatest of sinners. The best of
blessings sink to the bottom, the goodliest
buildings have lowest foundations; the
heaviest ears of corn hang downward, so do
the boughs of trees that are bent.—Troppe.

... "What is a junction, nurse?" asked
a seven-year-old fairy the other day of an
elderly lady who stood at her door on a rail-
way platform. "A junction, my dear?" an-
swered the nurse, with the air of a very su-
perior person indeed. "Why, it's a place
where two roads separate."

... You need not be afraid of giving too
much. The old church said, "If any of you
know of any Church 'what's a' lib'ral, let
me tell me what it is, and I will take a pil-
grimage to it, and by de soft light of de pale
moon I will crawl upon its moss-covered
roof and write upon de topmost shingle,
'Blessed am de dead who die de Lord.'"

... "Shall I help you to alight?" asked
a city exquisite of a muscular country girl
who was about to get out of a wagon that
had just come up to the porch of a rural lat-
ern. She jumped from the wagon, and in-
dignantly exclaimed: "What do you mean?
You don't think I smoke, do you?"

... "The sun rises in the east," explained
the teacher. "Yes, and there's another rise
in the west, too," chimed in one of the small-
er boys. "Well, what is it?" asked the
scholar. "Injun!" shouted the teacher.

... Love is indeed heaven upon earth,
since heaven above would not be heaven
without it; for, where is not love, there is
war; but "perfect love casteth out fear."
And yet we naturally fear most to offend
what we most love.—William Penn.

Jabez Broun, a rustic rhymier, when
challenged to compose an epitaph for a Deacon
Wood, who was present, immediately wrote:

"Within this wood lies Deacon Wood,
The one within the other;
The outside wood we know is good,
But doubtful is the other."

... "Who is this Thanasopis I hear so
much about?" asked Beside of her big
brother. "Why, as, Thanasopis was Bryan's
eldest daughter," was big brother's
reply.

BEAUTY.
And the flower scented by the wood—
Sweet as the rose, but with a sweeter hue,
Eyes like long-arched, drooping with pen-
sive grace,
A mouth that quivered with her every
word—
A well-wrought picture of sweet woman-
hood.

And I was weak as men must always be,
And so for one brief moment bent the
knee,
And worshipped beauty as life's highest good.
Then reason's voice rang clear: Oh,
strangely blind!

Seek beauty rather of the soul and mind;
The eyes that gaze on changeless beauty lie;
When mind seeks mind and hunger all in
vain.
When higher thought is met by weak de-
sire,
Glad life is shrouded with a dull, dense
pain.

—Caswell's Family Magazine.

Remember it is the way in which you
do a thing after all. Even shaking hands
with an enemy can be turned into anything
but a friendly proceeding, as it was by an
old soldier who once went to a neighbor with
whom he had not been on speaking terms for
some time, and extending his hand, said:
"The Lord has so graciously refreshed my
soul that I feel I could shake hands with a
dog!"—Christian at Work.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

SUMMER'S DONE.

any with her book,
her child slip out;
very now and then
of the little girl
and down the plat-

and a whistle. 'Twas
up, but it don't stop
up, and so did her
ed; but no "Birdie"
to class and name each
little one in the silk
he track.
breathing from very
er in shrieking fan-
save her! Will no

aved; but upon the
er and mingled form;
lity and laying him
the seats, went for
for he only opened
whispered, "Is she
er to him, but he did
black the still, white
hands, and cooed in
as she looked around

by done fast sleep!

—Detroit Commer-

—GARA.

a late issue of the
attention of tour-
House, Niagara
servicable to some
probably to many I
at even the charges
when recently there
family, are too heavy
the majority of those
this grand scenery
made inquiries, and
sant home in a Chris-
good table, every-
and respectable.
any will yet, this sea-
just such a place, I
dress—Mrs. A. Mur-

Niagara Falls, N. Y.
and family are estima-
ble Episcopal Church.
\$1.50 per day, and I
he week. To those
ter luxury, the bustle
and heavier charges,
is probably the best

of extinction at the
blossome this year than
there yet, but if you
and stick to it, you need
The charges to enter
s where you can see
the falls and rapids,
people more restrained
s upon you. Three
is yet worth a dozen
I have seen in

JOHN PARKER.

WEDDING.

services of the Greek
regation is expected to
becomes serious when
is a wedding, which
The minister of Hol-
lady; in fact, he was
me—once on Satur-
Greek and once at Sun-
There are only certain
on which a wedding
in the Greek church, and
seems to be Sunday.
interest your readers to
of a Russian wedding,
any peculiarities. The
nally performed in a
ly the intimate friends

This particular wed-

in the church of the

about thirty feet square,

umerous pillars. The

ceived the guests at the

chapel. On one side

nosters, or screen of

which was a platform

stars in their blue robes

the middle of the

Presently the choir be-

and the bridal party

Russian church music

fine. The choir are

gays and men; the voices

xquisite, and the effect

ing, with no instrument

(for this is forbidden in

chapel), is grand. When

egan, a young man in

of the bride's

an "icicle," which he

ent of the screen. Be-

the bride, who joined

the middle of the

was followed by her

groomsmen and fam-

mony began with the

ers by a priest in robes

This was followed by

ing which a cup of wine

the bride and groom,

to drink of the same cup

joy. The priest then

of them with a lighted

they held all through

the service.

andies were given, two

rought out. They were

over the heads of the

om until the marriage

ings were exchanged;

each still holding the

al being crowned by the

over the heads of the

om until the marriage

ings were exchanged;

each still holding the

al being crowned by the

MAN AND HIS MAKER.

How wonderful the human mind!
How restless, active, unconfined!
This centre is the busy world;
But he who seeks, must seek in vain
The outer circle of its range.
Which wider grows with every change.
Unlimited its vast desire,
Ranging, deeper, broader, higher,
In quest of something yet unknown,
Which it may proudly call its own;
And subject to its conquering will,
Regardless of its good or ill.

Those orbs so vast around our sphere,
From Neptune far to Luna near,
It grasps, and claims, then wanders far
To class and name each shining star;
In boundless ether, boundless mine,
Leaves planets, comets, stars behind
The Great Supreme to comprehend!
Nor short of this its flight would end.

Daring, presumptuous, erring man,
Limit will you—control who can?
Godlike he was in Eden's bower,
Fiendlike became that wretched hour,
When with desire "like gods to be,"
He ate of the forbidden tree.

You pause, and wonder, and enquire
Did God create in man desire?
If not, from whence this source of woes—
This flood which deluges the world with flows,
And on its bosom bears away
The hopes of each succeeding day?

While untold ills afflict, destroy?
We answer, yes—God did inspire
Within the human mind desire;
For good, not ill, he left it free.
To choose the ill or from it flee.
Motive God gave for choosing good;
While man thus chooses the good,
But Satan came with tempting lies,
That "if he ate should not die."

Man listened, yielded, and gave ear,
Desired, then chose, and God foresaw!
And thus the fearful work was done,
And sin and death their toll began.
From this the plan that will save man,
Not God the Holy—marred the plan;
And fallen man, condemned, must own
That just, though banished from God's
throne

To endless woe, in dark despair,
With Satan he abode to share!
Again you ask, we trust sincere
In asking, and with trembling fear
Lest that you sin presumptuously
In questioning the Deity!
But reason ask, and reason ask;
Seek till the truth you plainly view,
Humility and prayerfully enquire,
And sacred truth your breast shall fire.

You say, "Admitting God knew all,
And, therefore, knew that man would fall—
Why did He not withhold His hand
From forming what His wisdom planned?
Your question cuts to the very root,
Why did He not His hand withhold?
Then you in being, never had been
To query thus of Adam's sin."

But you enquire, and God your cause
Hath ere 'twas good that you should be,
In time, and vast eternity!
"But why not God prevent man's fall?
Whose power supreme is over all?"
"Why not?" you ask, the reason plain,
God could not man's free will restrain
Only by unmaking what He'd made.
Think that the plan He'd laid
Imperfect. Think that God
Who'd prize His smile or fear His rod?
A Deity thus self-dependent
Could not by reasoning man be won!
An erring God!—Hold! I feel His wrath
With lightning stroke thy being smite!
Oh, how short-sighted are our eyes,
How vast, how wise the Godhead's plan!
And just as wise, and good as just,
—Bow, mortal, bow, in native dust;
Deplore thy sin, yield, and obey:
For soon will end probation's day,
And at God's bar, with hope, or fear,
You must with all mankind appear,
And answer for the deeds here begun,
For thought and word since life begun.
Life, oh, how short! "Thy sin is span,
Then use it wisely, sinful man,
That life is long," thus wrote a friend,
Which truly "answers life's great end."

Rev. Prof. Wait.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

The present summer has been re-
markable for the number and violence
of its thunder-storms, and the next
census will probably show an unusually
large proportion of deaths from light-
ning stroke. It is not commonly
known that this is the proportion of per-
sons killed in this way in the United
States, but the statistics of the subject
are easily attainable from the census
tables, and to give some notion of them
it is only necessary to say that in 1870—
an average year—202 deaths occurred
from this cause, and during the same
period only 203 persons committed
suicide by poison, 251 by fire-arms, and
133 by cutting their throats. In 1860,
191 persons were killed by lightning,
and 131 committed self-murder with
poison, 112 with fire-arms and 82 by
throat-cutting. These statistics will
seem remarkable to people who read
newspapers and find hardly a day pass-
ing in which suicides are not recorded
in all of these ways. They are striking,
also, from the fact that whereas light-
ning is at work during but two or three
months of the year, suicides with poi-
son, pistol and knife take place all the
year which is peculiarly their own—the
notion that November is a fatal month
for the melancholy having been shown
by Charles Moore in one of the earliest
works published on the statistics of
suicide, to be false. Of course, in
bringing lightning into comparison
with poison, pistol and the knife, we do
not mean to be understood as speaking
of the latter as if they were comical
causes of death, but merely to show
how the judgment may be deceived in
such matters. Undoubtedly most peo-
ple are accustomed to think that light-
ning is the cause of the death of incom-
parably fewer persons than die of poi-
son administered by themselves, or of
throat-cutting or shooting; but in-
vestigation shows that this belief is
without foundation. In France, where
it is said by Dr. De Boismon that
about one hundred thousand persons
have died by their own hands since the
beginning of the century, and where
suicide is therefore prevalent, if we
suppose that one out of a hundred uses
the pistol in the act, we find that the
proportion of such deaths to the whole
population is less than one in 100,000;
and in the United States death by
lightning is about one in 250,000. The
figures are curious only because they
show that among people who are not
in the habit of killing themselves are
compared with a people who are sup-
posed to be addicted to that habit,
lightning—a seemingly rare cause of
death—does so little less for the latter
than the pistol does for the former.
Among ourselves they seem to be about
equally efficacious. —New York World.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The property of Princeton Theologi-
cal Seminary now amounts to \$1,066,
793.10. The real estate is valued at
\$274,000.

The Friends in Great Britain are very
influential, and yet the Society has only
14,600 members. Last year 280 mem-
bers were received from the world by
"convincement." This was apart from
those becoming members by birthright.

Pere Hyacinthe's recent lectures in
Paris are, by so eminent a thinker and
critic as Dr. Pressensé, pronounced to
be much superior to his course of last
year, though the attendance was much
smaller.

The Widows and Orphans' Fund of
the Free Church of Scotland now has a
capital of \$1,170,000, and increases at
the rate of from fifty to sixty thousand
dollars a year.

At the anniversary of the Turkish
Mission Aid Society in London, which
has done much in aiding the American
missions in that empire, several speak-
ers stated that if terrorism was re-
moved, the Mohammedans in large
numbers would embrace Christianity.

Petersburg, Va., boasts a Church of
colored people, the Gilfield Baptist, of
3,000 members, which has been in ex-
istence a hundred years, and is the
largest Church in the South, except one.
The corner-stone of a new building for
it, to cost \$30,000, has just been laid.

For the first time in the history of
Westminster Abbey a colored divine has
preached there, the native bishop of
Hayti—who delivered a sermon regard-
ing modern missionary enterprise, to a
small but attentive audience a fortnight
ago.

Bishop Gregg, of the Reformed Epis-
copal Church in England, has received
an address from military and civil of-
ficers in Ceylon, expressing thankfulness
for the existence of the new Church,
and hinting an invitation to him to con-
sider their situation and do something
for them.

The average salary of the ministers
of the Irish Presbyterian Church last
year was \$925. In addition to this a
large majority of Churches furnish manse
and glebe.

The American Board of Commission-
ers for Foreign Missions will hold its
sixty-ninth annual meeting at Milwa-
ukee, Wis., beginning Oct. 1, and clos-
ing Oct. 4. Rev. J. M. Manning, D.D.,
of this city, will preach the annual ser-
mon.

The Catholic missionaries in China
and India claim, during the last five
years, to have baptized 55,522 heathens,
11,500 of the number being adults.

The Free Church (Scotland) reports
for the year ending May 15, a total
of £17,387, 12s. 1d. raised for the Sustain-
ment Fund. Increase over previous
year, £4,745. 11s. 10d.

The New York Sabbath Committee
has sent out 20,000 documents for dis-
tribution among influential Frenchmen,
with regard to the observance of Sun-
day in America. Its results in the
moral and spiritual well-being of our
people, and valuable testimonies from
some of our public men. The good done
is already manifest. Thirty French ex-
hibitors now close their department on
the Sabbath.

Obituaries.

Mrs. BETSEY E. LADD was born in
Barnard, Me., Aug. 18, 1803, and when
thirteen years of age, joined the M. E.
Church, of which she remained a devoted
and faithful member until Aug. 1, 1878,
when the Master called her to join the
Church triumphant.

She was married to Mr. William
Ladd, who was also a member of the
same Church, many years ago. She was
the mother of thirteen children, eleven
of whom survive her. She leaves be-
hind her thirty-eight grandchildren (ten
having died before her) and five great-
grandchildren. Her many surviving
offspring mourn the loss of one of the
best of mothers; but they are consoled
by the blessed assurance that their loss
is her infinite and eternal gain. She
was an excellent wife and good mother.
Well may her children rise up and call
her blessed. May they all prepare to
meet her in heaven, where no farewell
tears are shed.

EDWIN PARKER.

HON. GOWEN WILSON was born in
Kittery, Me., Sept. 19, 1788, and died
in Kittery, Me., April 17, 1878.
Father Wilson was one of the pio-
neers of Methodism in Western Maine,
his conversion antedating the organ-
ization of the old "Spruce Creek"
Church of Kittery, which occurred in
1827, and which was the Church Brother
Wilson was the first class-leader and a
steward until his death. In his earlier
years he was a prominent man in all
business affairs, holding commissions
in the militia of Massachusetts signed
by Governors Caleb Strong and John
Brooks, and was also, after the admis-
sion of Maine into the Union, one of
the counsellors of Gov. Fairfield. In
all the varied business transactions of
life he was ever an honorable, upright
man, beloved and respected by friends
and acquaintances.

To Father Wilson Methodism in Kittery
is largely indebted, he contributing
freely to the erection of the old house of
worship which has proved to so many
the very "gate of heaven," and to the
maintenance of this Church he was ever
a willing and liberal giver.

Being of a very strong and robust
constitution, he outlived nearly all his
contemporaries of Church and town,
but never outgrew his love for religion,
or his attachment for the distinctive
doctrines of the Church, which he em-
braced more than a half-century ago.

We think we may consistently say
of him, he was a good man, a faithful
husband, a loving father, an upright
citizen, and a true friend.

His last sickness was brief, yet death
came not unprepared, nor found him fal-
tering in his faith in Jesus. To all
inquiring friends his constant reply
was, "Resigned to the will of the
Lord;" and at the last, when told he
was going, he said, "I am ready."

His victory over death consoles his
friends for their loss, and gives them
confidence to hope that, through like
precious faith, they, like him, may
come down to death like "shocks of
corn fully ripe for the harvest."

His aged companion, with whom he
lived for more than three score years,
and who was also one of the members
of the first class of this Church, survives
him. Bereft of the companion of her
youth, yet trusting in Jesus, she waits
in hope of a blissful reunion in that
world whose inhabitants never sicken
or grow old, and where separation
are unknown. J. W. B.

Mrs. ZOE A. BAILEY, wife of Foster
Bailey, died in Londonderry, N. H.,
May 6, 1878.

Sister Bailey had been a member of
of the M. E. Church in Londonderry
twenty-four years.

A. R. LUNT.

SAMUEL WOODBURY was born in
1812, and died in Londonderry, June 3,
1878.

Brother Woodbury had been a mem-
ber of the Church in this place since
1854, and at the time of his death, one

of the stewards. He was a good man,
and died well. A. R. LUNT.

Mrs. RACHEL PARSONS died in Cush-
ing, Me., Aug. 11, aged 71 years.

At the time of Sister Parsons' death
only one out of her father's family of
sixteen children (Mr. Samuel Payson)
lived to follow her remains to the tomb.
Her companion and three of her chil-
dren preceded her. One son, who has
been an invalid for years, survives her.

For the last few years she has been
treasuring life's pathway alone; and yet
not alone, for Christ has been with her.
At last, weary of a life that had so
many trials and such deep sorrows,
she gave her unfortunate son into the
care of Him who always takes up those
whom father and mother are obliged to
forsake, and lay herself down to rest
and calmly and peacefully fell asleep
in Jesus.

ORREN TYLER.

Mrs. MARY C. BURNES, wife of Isaac
Burnes, died in South Waldboro, Me.,
Feb. 7, 1878, aged 63 years.

Sister Burnes was converted in the
year 1840, under the labors of Fathers
Gray and Webb. The social means of
grace to her were seasons of refreshing
from the presence of the Lord. She
loved to bear testimony for Jesus; and
during the middle of her life she was
at her post, with her lamp all
trimmed and her light burning, ready
for the coming of her Lord and Mas-
ter. She was a worthy member of the
Church, and her pastor was always
a welcome guest. She was a faithful
companion, a kind and affectionate
mother. Her cross has been exchanged
for the crown.

"Blessed are the dead which die in
the Lord."

ORREN TYLER.

JAMES DIXON, youngest son of Rev.
R. S. Dixon, of Cushing, Me., passed
peacefully away to rest on the morning
of Aug. 20, after a lingering sickness,
being with great fortitude and patience.

He was a boy of excellent parts,
and of much promise. His death, in the
16th year of his age, is a great
affliction to the family. They are, how-
ever, sustained by the grace of God,
and rejoice in the hope that they shall
meet again.

Mrs. MARGARET H. CONANT, wife of
William B. Conant, died in Belfast,
Me., July 18, 1878, aged 53 years.

Sister Conant experienced religion
nearly thirty-five years ago, and was
always a humble and faithful follower
of our blessed Saviour. She was faithful
in discharging all the duties of a
wife, mother, and sister in the Church
of Christ. In the last hours of her life,
though suffering from physical pain,
she experienced great joy and peace
from her Saviour's presence.

She leaves a large circle of friends to
mourn with the bereaved family. May
they all meet her in heaven.

G.

CORNELIUS HAYES, a member of the
M. E. Church in Belfast, Me., died of
yellow fever in Baltimore, some time
in July last, aged about 50 years.

Brother Hayes was converted from a
life of intemperance some three years
ago, and from that time was a faithful
laborer in the vineyard of his Master.
He leaves wife and large family of
children. May God sustain them in
this their hour of need.

G.

Mrs. JULIA A. BURGESS died in Fal-
mouth (Waggonville), Mass., July
12, 1878, aged 47 years.

Sister Burgess was the daughter of
Lewis and Julia Waters, of Stoughton,
where she was born, Dec. 15, 1831.
Her parents removed to Wareham,
where in her childhood she was con-
verted under the labors of Rev. J. D.
Butler, about the year 1843. She was
joined in marriage to Brother Josiah S.
Burgess, of Sandwich, Dec. 8, 1853, to
which place she immediately removed,
and connected herself with the M. E.
Church, then under the pastoral care of
Rev. H. W. Houghton.

Wagonit in 1856, and by letter she and
her husband joined the M. E. Church
at East Falmouth. In every commu-
nity in which she has lived she has been
greatly respected, honored, and
loved. She was a loving and affec-
tionate daughter, a faithful and de-
voted wife, a kind and genial friend,
and best of all, a steadfast, consistent
Christian. She will be greatly missed
in the community in which she has so
long lived.

The closing hours of her life were
painful, but peaceful,—nay, even joy-
ful. She gathered the members of her
family around her, bade them sing,
"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,"
and thus passed from the toils of earth
to her reward in heaven.

May the blessing of God rest upon the
bereaved family and help them to fol-
low her to her heavenly home.

J. S. F.

STEPHEN CLOUGH was born in Water-
boro, Me., July 5, 1800, and departed
this life at Alfred, Aug. 13, 1878.

Our Church has lost four of the
most aged members, since Conference
convened in April of this year. Brother
Clough was the oldest. He was for-
merly a member of the Free Will Baptist
Church, but was identified with the
M. E. Church of this place for about
thirty years. Respected and be-
loved both by Christians and non-
worldly, his death made a profound
impression, and caused many to sin-
cerely mourn. He had always been a
strong, vigorous man, and was sick
but a few days before his death. They
were days of intense suffering, how-
ever, and yet he was with great pa-
tience. A week before his death, meet-
ing a friend upon the street, he told
him that "he had no fear of death;
heaven was sure." When the actual
experience came, he was ready, and
passed peacefully to his eternal re-
ward. His wife, to whom he had been
married fifty-four years, and four chil-
dren, who are looking to the Father for
comfort and strength, survive him.

C. W. BRADLEE.

Mrs. NELLIE W. SIBLEY, wife of
Frank Sibley, died at Edgington Bend,
Me., July 1, 1878.

When sixteen years old she was sent
to Buckport to attend for awhile the
East Maine Catechetical Seminary, and
the happy result was that she learned
of Jesus, was truly converted, and be-
came a faithful and useful member of
the Church. Her babe preceded her
but a few hours to the spirit land, and
she knew not that she entered the gates
of Paradise. It was a sad hour when
we gathered to give back to the earth
theaskets from whence these dear
ones had departed; and yet it was glo-
rious to know that now and forever
they are

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

A. S. TOWNSEND.

HELP FOR THE WEAK, NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED.

The afflicted can now be restored to per-
fect health and bodily energy, at home,
without the use of medicine of any kind.

PULVERMACH'S ELECTRIC BELTS AND BANDS.

For self-application to any part of the
body, most every requirement.
The most learned physicians and sci-
entific men of Europe and this country in-
dorse them.

These noted Curative Appliances have
now stood the test for upward of thirty
years, and are protected by Letters-Patent
in all the principal countries of the world.
They were decreed the only Award of Merit
for Electric Appliances at the great World's
Exhibitions—Paris, Philadelphia, and else-
where—and have been chosen the most val-
uable, safe, simple, and efficient known
treatment for the cure of disease.

READER, ARE YOU AFFLICTED?
And wish to recover the same degree of
health, strength, and energy as experienced
in former years? Do any of the following
diseases afflict you? Do you experience
debility, nervousness, or any of the
diseases mentioned? Are you suffering from
weakness of any of the many and various
forms, consequent upon a lingering
nervous, chronic or functional disease? Do
you feel nervous, debilitated, feeble, timid,
and lack the power of will and action? Are
you subject to loss of memory, headache, in-
fantile, fullness of blood in the head, feel-
ings, moping, irritability, melancholy, etc.
Your kidneys, stomach, or blood, in a disor-
dered condition? Do you suffer from rheu-
matism, neuralgia or aches and pains?
Have you been indisposed for years, and
find yourself harassed with a multi-
tude of gloomy symptoms? Are you
subject to nervous prostration, or do you
continually dwell on the subject?
Do you feel that you are losing your
energy for business pursuits? Are you sub-
ject to any of the following symptoms: Res-
tless sleep, nervousness, dizziness, tremor,
palpitation of the heart, faintness, con-
fusion of the mind, loss of appetite, dimness
in the head, dimness of sight, pimples and
blotches on the face and back, and other
diseases of the skin, etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.
Young men, the middle-aged, and even the
old, are afflicted with these diseases, and
thousands of females, too, are broken
down in health and spirits from disorders
connected with the female system, and
modesty or neglect prolong their suffer-
ings. Do not despair, but at once apply
subject to productive of health and happiness
when there is at hand a means of restora-
tion!

PULVERMACH'S ELECTRIC BELTS AND BANDS
cure these various diseases, and offer the most
valuable relief to the afflicted. They have
restored thousands of the afflicted to health,
and have been chosen the most valuable,
safe, simple, and efficient known treatment
for the cure of disease.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND ENERGY,
after dragging in vain for months and years,
Send now for DESCRIPTIVE PAM

